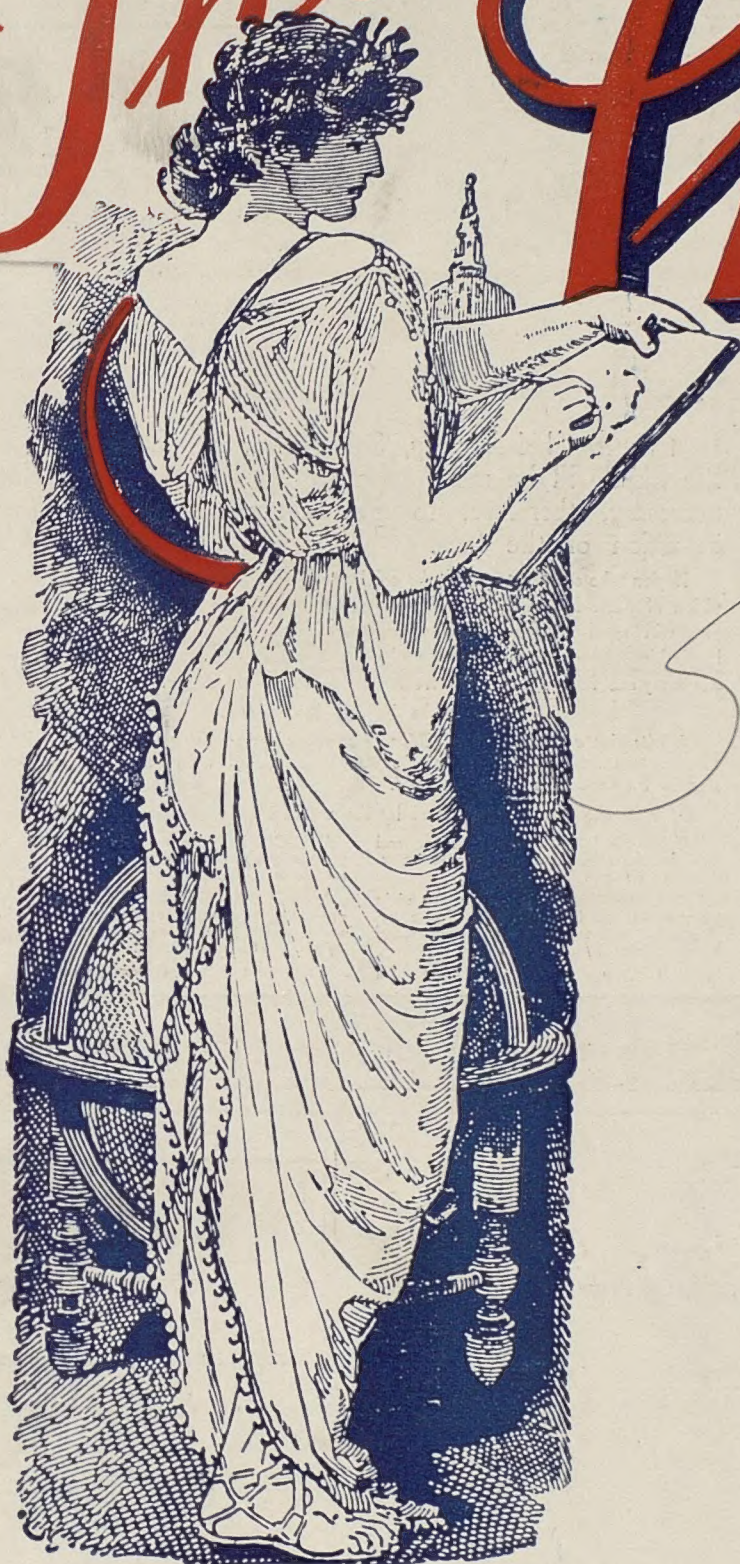


# The Sketch.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,  
AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.



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the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

## DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

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Bedding, Linen, Linoleum, Blinds, and everything  
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Established 1769.]

[Established 1769.

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WOUNDS & SORES.  
BEST MOUTH WASH &  
ANTISEPTIC GARGLE.  
BEST AIR PURIFIER.  
DESTROYS ALL  
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FRAGRANT  
NON-POISONOUS  
Does not stain Linen**

**6<sup>p</sup> & 1/- Bottles**

**5/- per Gallon  
PACKAGES EXTRA**

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**Valuable FREE Brochure.**

Write for a free copy of Mrs. Hemming's interesting brochure, "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," which will be sent post free to any reader of this Journal.

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and 5 Guineas).

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TOWEL —  
will some nice person  
send along a box of  
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR  
SOAP —**

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**are the only Standard  
10/6 Fountain Pens All  
British Made by a British  
Company with British  
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With Diamond Crown, £6 10 0**



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Diamonds, £7. Others from £5 to £18.**

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with or without Precious Stones, from  
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on application.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's  
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# The Sketch

No. 1174.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

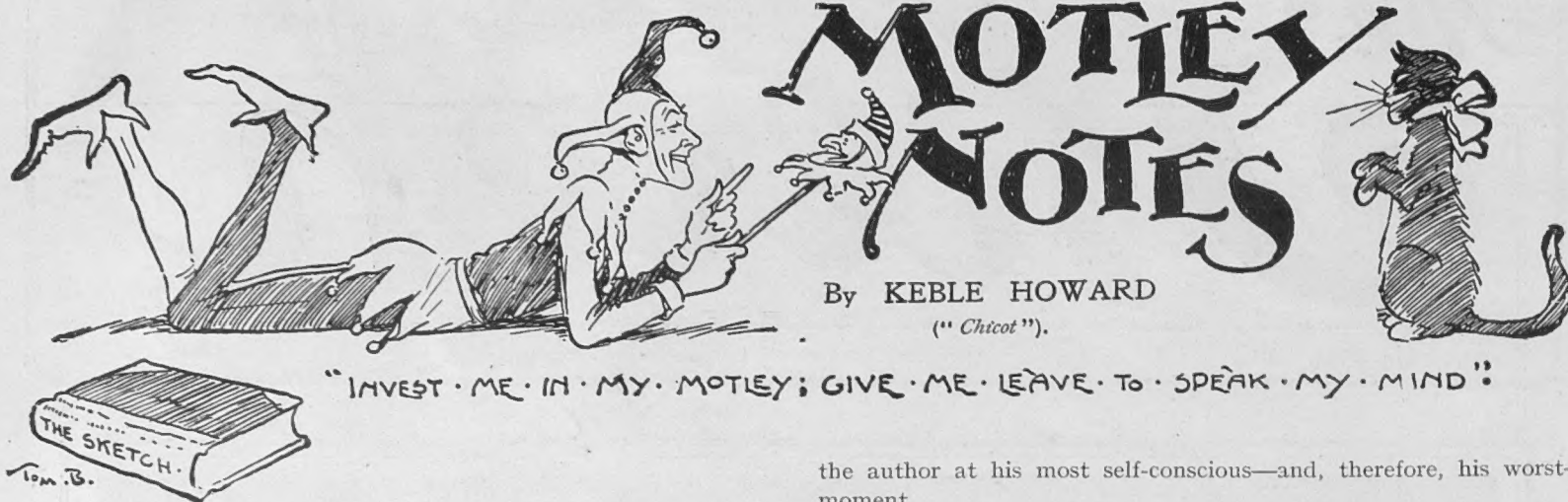


TO STAR ON THE "HALLS," WITH MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER: MISS KYRLE BELLEW—AS LADY DIANA VIVASH IN "PETER IBBETSON"—IN HER GARDEN.

That charming young actress Miss Kyrle Bellew is just leaving London for a few weeks, to star on the halls in duologues with Mr. Arthur Bouchier. She will be seen, for example, at Buxton, Harrogate, and Glasgow. She will be in London again in the autumn, but has not yet decided which of several proffered engagements to

accept. Our photograph shows her in the dress of Lady Diana Vivash, in "Peter Ibbetson," the adaptation, by Mr. John N. Raphael, of George du Maurier's novel of the same name, which was given at a matinée at His Majesty's last week in aid of the Allies' Forces Base Hospital.—[*Photograph by Hugh Cecil*]





**Written in Bed.** This is not the first time that I have used that side-heading—"Written in Bed." Not for the first time, therefore, shall I be disbelieved. It is a habit with the public to disbelieve everything they see in print. One is not so much surprised at that mental attitude as pained. But the public will not even believe that one is pained at not being believed. "That's all part of the game," says the public. "He doesn't care twopence whether you believe it or not so long as you read it." Which is sad, disheartening, and a good many other things of a lugubrious nature. (My doctor would be awfully cross if he knew that I was attempting to spell words like that.)

Some people like writing in bed. Stevenson, I believe, one of whose works I read all through yesterday for the ninth time, never wrote anywhere else. We have all seen the famous pictures of him in bed, with a writing-pad on his knee, and his hair down. Well, if I could write like Stevenson, I think I should be content to be bed-ridden.

But I should never look as picturesque as Stevenson, because he, as I say, always had a writing-pad on his knee, whereas I, by long habit, am compelled to balance a typewriting-machine in this uncomfortable attitude. If you have never tried to typewrite in bed, friend the reader, try it, and then you will be able to sympathise with my agonies at the present moment.

**On Typing in Bed.** So far as I have been able to discover, it is impossible to do it with any degree of comfort. You see, if you have the machine on a table at the side of the bed, you have to support yourself on one elbow, and I defy the most expert typist to type for long with one elbow, so to speak, tied to the bed. Again, if you sit up in bed, and place the machine across your knees, you will find that the strain on your heels becomes almost unbearable. They slip, bit by bit, until the whole affair gradually eludes you and you run a risk of straining your back in trying to reach it. (This would make rather a good little illustration.)

I shall be very grateful to any reader who can tell me how to type in bed with any degree of comfort. Not that I propose to remain in bed after to-morrow or the next day, but you never know. Don't tell me to dictate. I once tried to dictate these notes, and the result was truly shocking. My sentences became so long, so intricate, so ostentatious, that I very nearly went mad, and the poor shorthand-writer burst into tears. (That, also, would make rather a good little illustration. I need not give you the details. Think it out for yourself.)

In all other ways, one's bed is an ideal place for writing. The body is warm, loosely clad, and at rest. The room is utterly one's own. The household troubleth not. Now, ingenious friend, won't you help me to write a classic?

**On Writing Prefaces.** I wonder if the majority of the public read prefaces? I always read them—unless they are too long. There is a very great art in writing a preface. Few authors acquire it. They give too much away, or they wax unduly personal, or they introduce a contentious note. And there is a danger, which the public would never suspect, in writing prefaces. The danger is that the hurried reviewer—and, believe me, the hurried reviewer is not wholly a person of the past—will fasten on the preface for the key-note of his review, thus taking

the author at his most self-conscious—and, therefore, his worst—moment.

Mr. W. J. Locke has written a very charming preface to his new novel, "Jaffery." There is one very good, true, human touch in it. Here it is—

"You remember [he writes, in this dedicatory note to his wife] the excitement of ending it before the Christmas of 1913, so that we could start with free consciences, early in the New Year, on our Egyptian journey."

I like that. One knows that it is true. One knows the infinite relief of putting the final words to a long novel. An author who can get to the last few chapters of a long novel without hating the sight of the bulky manuscript must be inhuman. I don't believe he ever breathed. Anyway, he never breathed in my body.

**Bed-Books.** Every now and then, somebody publishes what is called a "bed-book." It is a book, as a rule, made up of all sorts of odds and ends of a comforting, semi-philosophical, semi-religious nature. It is a book intended, of course, for those ten minutes at night before one falls asleep. For that purpose, the "bed-book" is well enough in its way, though, for my own part, I freely confess that I can't abide snippets. I hate being asked to jump from one author's mind to another, or, for that matter, from the mood of one author to another mood of the same author. I don't in the least care to read a snatch from "Martin Chuzzlewit" and then a snatch from the "Pickwick Papers"—not even the last thing at night. Such ill-assorted meals are very bad for the mental digestion.

Still, I suppose there is a public for that sort of "bed-book"—a very strong and lusty public. But what about the public that is not lusty? What about the "bed-book" for a person who has been in bed all day, perhaps all week? Who may not eat, or drink, or smoke? What sort of book, for example, does a wounded soldier want? I think he wants a rattling good story—a story full of real people, doing real things, doing interesting things, with a certain definite end that must be reached before the reader is satisfied. There must be no problems, no lingering in the murky corners of life, no surface cleverness. Excitement, humour, fresh breezes, radiant hope—that is what the wounded soldier wants to kill the long hours. And we are all soldiers in these days, whether we realise it or not.

**"The Serpent."** Years ago, I had a correspondent in India who used to sign himself "The Serpent." The last post last night brought me another letter from him, not with the Indian, but the Army, post-mark. Here are some interesting little quotations from this very welcome letter—

"One can only regard the Turk as a temporary occupant now in this part."

"What a number of prominent chroniclers there are at home doing their bit on paper, some adding an 'e' to their bit."

"The best bite is the man behind the gun and the man giving us munitions."

"Everyone has, I suppose, some particular thought about his foe. Mine is, 'Compared to the German, the Turk is a gentleman.'"

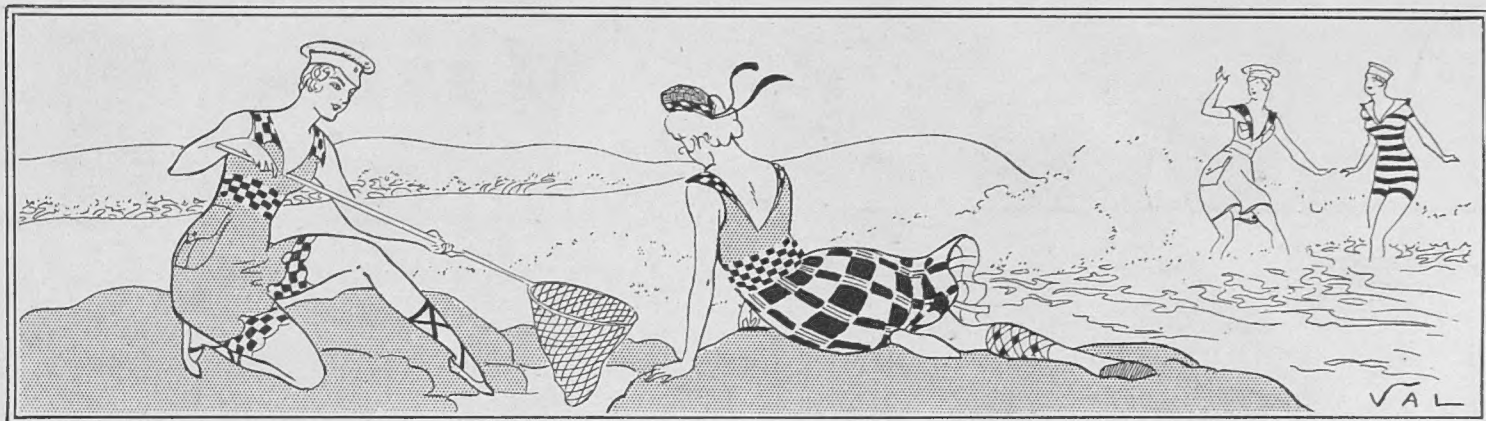
"As I write, enemy shells are about, so it is better to end and send than continue with a too abrupt finish. (Is this a Bull?)"

Best of good luck, my dear 'Serpent.' May the gentlemanly Turk feel your sting, and may you come home with your fangs in full working order.

Oh, my poor knees!



VANITIES OF VALDÉS: MILITARISED MERMAIDS.



BATHERS OF 1915: AT BRIGHTON (PERHAPS!)



IN GERMANY (ALMOST CERTAINLY!)



AT HAVRE (LET US HOPE!)



AT TROUVILLE (WE ANTICIPATE!)



# THE GRAND FLEET AMUSING ITSELF : "YOU SEE TOO"--



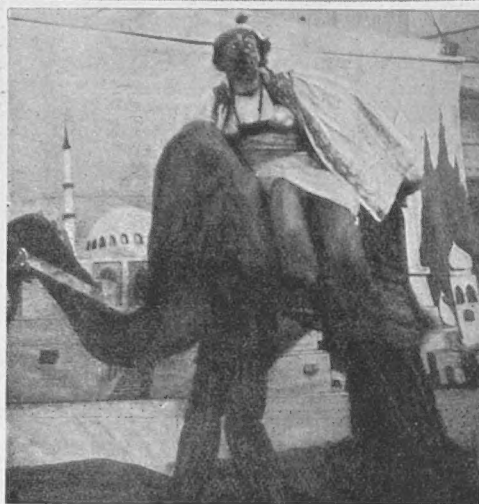
SHERLOCK HOLMES AS SUBMARINE-TRACKER : MORIARTY, DISGUISED IN HOLMES' ROOMS, INTRODUCES HIS DAUGHTER TO DR. WATSON.



DURING A "REVUE" OF THE GRAND FLEET--NOT AT SPITHEAD : THE SULTAN AND HAREM SCENE.



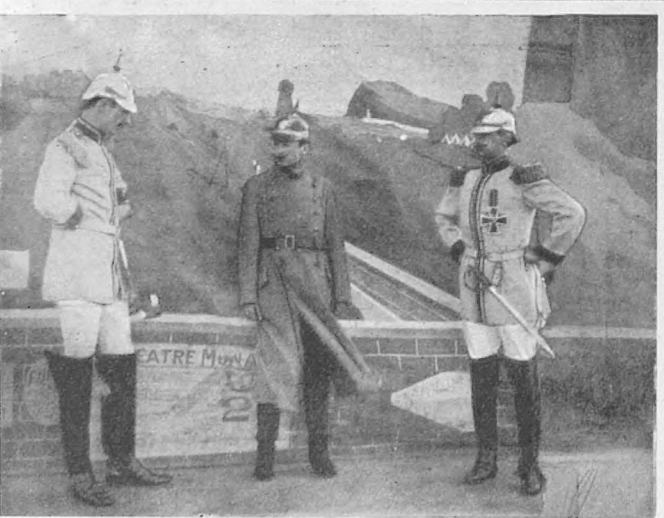
THE ARCH-CRIMINAL WHO (IRON)CROSSES THE PATH OF HOLMES : MORIARTY GERMANISED.



LA DAME AU CAMELIOS HUMP : THE SULTANA SAILS ON THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.



"MY DEAR WATSON," PERSUADED TO JOIN THE R.A.M.C., BIDS GOOD-BYE TO HOLMES.



AS IF ONE WERE NOT ENOUGH : THE ORDERLY WHO SHOT HIMSELF IN THE BOOTS ON SEEING DOUBLE KAISERS.

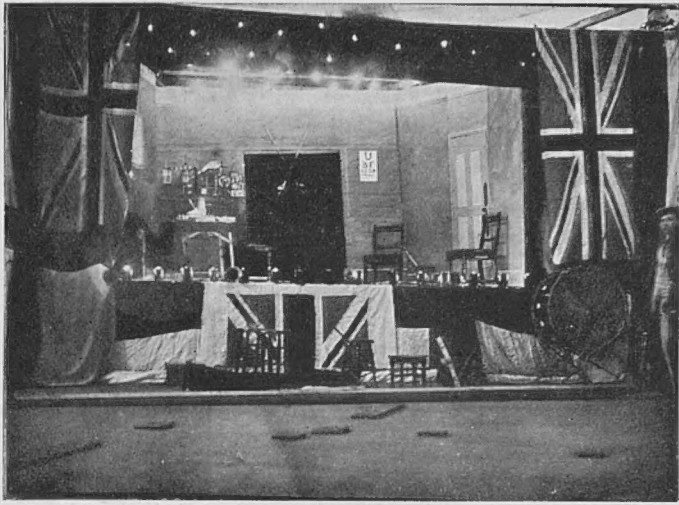


IN THE DRESS OBTAINED AFTER ONE WAS EATEN BY A WILD MOTH : PRINCESS SHERM EL NESSIM, WITH THE SULTAN AND SULTANA.

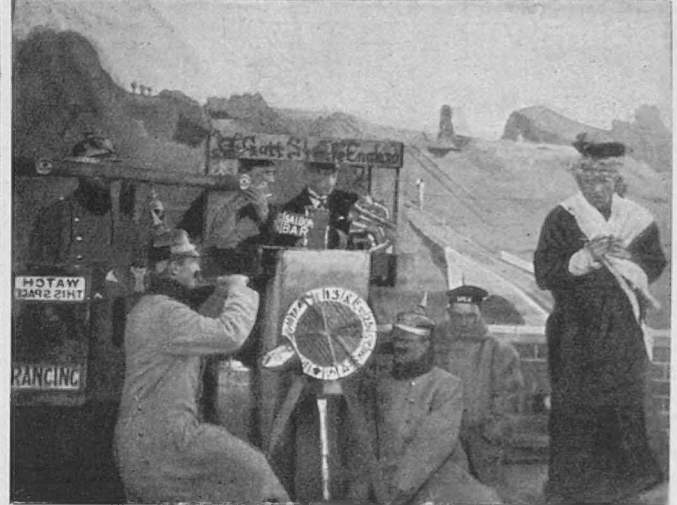
That the men of the Grand Fleet know how to beguile the tedium of waiting for the Germans is evident from these photographs, which show scenes and characters from an entertainment recently given five times on board a British warship, and attended by Admiral Jellicoe and about 800 officers. The piece, written and produced by officers of the ship, was entitled "You See Too"--"a musical farce in seven paroxysms." An "Apology by the Management" states : "Sherm el Nessim's original dress (as advertised) was eaten by a wild moth. Another was immediately procured, but was censored. To avoid disappointment to the public, a third has been obtained at enormous expense by the Management." Briefly summarised, the plot tells the adventures of Sherlock Holmes and "my dear Watson" in the pursuit, at the request of Mr. Chinston Wurchill (First Lord), of a marvellous German submarine, the "UC 2," sold by Germany to Turkey and transported overland to Constantinople. It is commanded by Oberleutnant von Splittip. Sherlock's



# A MUSICAL FARCE IN SEVEN PAROXYSMS ABOARD SHIP.



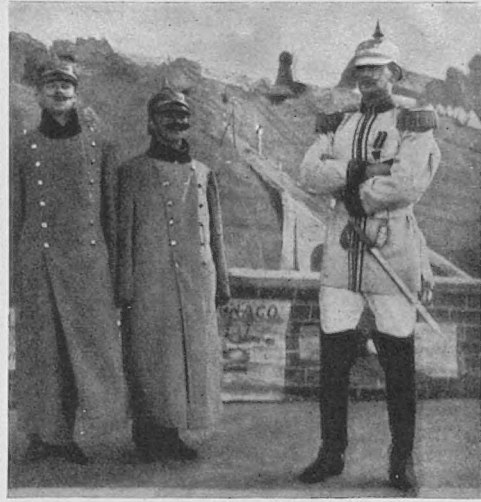
SHOWING WELL THE SIZE OF THE STAGE SHERLOCK HOLMES' ROOMS IN BAKER STREET.



TURNING ON THE GAS: EXECUTING THE DEAR OLD SOUL WHO MISTOOK THE "UC 2" FOR THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.



GERMAN ABUSE OF THE RED CROSS: DR. WATSON, R.A.M.C., ARRESTED BY A HUN.



AS HE WAS WHEN HE CONFRONTED HOLMES DISGUISED AS HIMSELF: THE KAISER.



DOING HIS "BEAT": THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE IN THE DESPERADO RESTAURANT SCENE.



AMONG THE DEEP-BOSOMED HOURS OF CIRCASSIA: THE SULTAN AND THE LADIES OF THE HAREM.



IN THE DESPERADO RESTAURANT: VON SPLITLIP DISGUISED AS AN ENGLISHMAN (IN KILT); AND MORIARTY AS A WAITER.

old enemy, Professor Moriarty, crosses his path, but Sherlock outwits him, as usual. On arriving at Zeebrugge from Berlin, the "UC 2" is found to contain an old lady who had mistaken it for the Underground Railway. She is seized as a spy, put up against a wall, and "gassed"! At the German Headquarters Holmes chloroforms the Kaiser, and impersonates him. When Wilhelm revives, his orderly is confronted by two Kaisers, each ordering him to arrest the other. Arrived at Constantinople, Holmes and Watson gain access to the Sultan's harem disguised as a camel, which the Sultan is persuaded to buy for his widowed mother, the Sultana. Eventually Holmes and Dr. Watson reach old England in triumph and the "UC 2," with Professor Moriarty and von Splitlip in chains on board. Our photographs were kindly supplied by Mr. Clifford Caslon, son of Mr. H. W. Caslon, head of the well-known firm of type-founders. Mr. C. Caslon played the part of von Splitlip with much success. The Musical Director was Bandmaster F. Skidmore.





THE BALKAN BORES : "NATIONAL ASPIRATIONS!" HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

**Germany and Roumania.**

The Balkan States are becoming bores. Both Bulgaria and Roumania have so hedged and shifted all through the war, waiting to see which way the cat would jump, that the Germans are probably as impatient with their diplomatists as we are becoming. Roumania has certainly offended Germany deeply by refusing to allow munitions of war to go through to Turkey, and the German statesmen are now alternately inventing reasons why America should not send munitions to Great Britain and why Roumania should allow munitions to pass through her territory to Turkey. The Latin spirit does not submit easily to bullying, and it may well be that Germany's blundering, mail-fisted diplomacy may do what the Allies' blandishments have not as yet effected, and drive Roumania to side with the Quadruple Entente.

**Bluff Bulgaria.**

The Bulgarians are a bluff people — so bluff, indeed, that their bluntness is often mistaken for rudeness. I at one time met many of their leading Generals at the club in Sofia, and though their bluntness there was of a pleasant variety, I could quite understand that a really cross Bulgarian General would not be a pleasant companion. Dr. Radoslavoff, the present Bulgarian Prime Minister, seems to be just as bluff as any of Bulgaria's fighting men, and he has stated his country's terms for entering the war with a bluntness that leaves nothing to the imagination. She wants Macedonia, and she is not going to war on the side of the Allies unless she gets a guarantee that she will receive it. "Our national aspirations" is a phrase in the mouths of many statesmen just now. Few, however, put into such plain words as Dr. Radoslavoff has done what this phrase really means.

**The Neutral Armies.**

You may see in many club smoking-rooms just now elderly gentlemen, pencil in hand, doing sums on the backs of envelopes, and it is more than likely that these sums are the additional strength that would be added to the Allies or the enemy if this, that, or the other neutral stepped down from the fence and put an army in the field. Sweden is the one country that is generally set down on the envelope as being likely to join the German ranks, her fear of Russia being the cause given; while possible allies of the Allies are Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece—though not if she is to lose Macedonia—

and Holland. Norway and Denmark seem to be outside the war zone.

**If the Balkan States Come In.**

Except that we should have some more official bulletins to put up on the club boards, the entry of any of the Balkan States into the war would make very little change in the west. It would be at Constantinople and on the Gallipoli Peninsula that the situation would change. If Roumania and Bulgaria began to move against the lines that protect Constantinople, Bulgaria snapping up Adrianople on the way, the Sultan and a vast crowd of wealthy Turks would soon be on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and Enver Pasha and the Young Turks would be busy discussing the terms on which they would throw over Germany and save their own skins.

**Have We Had Luck?**

Some such slice of luck as the entry of the Balkan League into the war on our side is surely due to us. The Allies in this war have not had the good luck that should attend a good cause, and there have been very few happy accidents that have weighed down the scale in our favour. It is true that Von Kluck and Von Hindenburg have been baulked of their prey when almost within view of Paris and Warsaw; but each of these Generals was using a fine tool in a clumsy manner. Had Von Kluck been forced to surrender to the British, as seemed at one time inevitable, and had the Russian ammunition not run short when the Grand Duke had surrounded General Mackensen and his army, then we could have claimed that luck was with us. An occasion when luck was decidedly on the side of Germany was when the fog-bank received into its folds the enemy cruisers that had bombarded Scarborough and hid them from the British ships, which otherwise would have comfortably sent them

to the bottom in waters clear of German mines and German submarines.

**In the Temple of Fortuna.**

Did we live in pagan days, and were a temple to Fortuna in existence, I would lay wreaths before her altar, and promise that a fat bull should be sacrificed in her honour if America breaks off all diplomatic intercourse with Germany, and another bull if Constantinople falls within two months, and a fat sheep should bleed for each of the Balkan States that took up arms to help us, and a calf should smoke on the altar if Holland turns and rends the Teuton.

APOLOGY BY THE MANAGEMENT

Shem el Nessim's original dress (as advertised) was eaten by a wild moth. Another was immediately procured but was censored. To avoid disappointment to the public a third has been obtained at enormous expense by the Management.

Qualitas non quantitas (Virgil)

Scene VI. Sultan's Palace, Constantinople

|   |        |                      |
|---|--------|----------------------|
| H.S.M. THE SULTAN                                 | ... .. | B. S. BICKMORE.      |
| H.S.M. THE DOWAGER SULTANA (Mother of the Sultan) | ... .. | MISS LOTTIE LYON.    |
| H.H. SHEM EL NESSIM (Daughter of the Sultan)      | ... .. | MISS BABA BOTTOMLEY. |
| PROFESSOR MORIARTY                                | ... .. | P. E. GOLDSMITH.     |
| OBERLEUTNANT VON SPLITLIP                         | ... .. | C. CASLON.           |
| SHERLOCK HOLMES                                   | ... .. | G. E. A. JACKSON.    |
| DOCTOR WATSON                                     | ... .. | E. L. B. DAMANT.     |
| A PAGE  | ... .. | K. C. KIRKPATRICK.   |
| LADIES OF THE HAREM                               | ... .. | G. DARRY.            |
|   |        | G. CHADON.           |
|   |        | A. B. CARNEGIE.      |
|   |        | A. J. FLORENCE.      |
|   |        | A. M. SHEPHERD.      |

Scene VII. c/o G.P.O. Deck of a Trawler

|                           |        |  |
|---------------------------|--------|--|
| OFFICER OF PATROL         | ... .. | G. H. D'O LYON.  |
| CAPTAIN OF TRAWLER        | ... .. | A. B. CARNEGIE.  |
| DECK HANDS                | ... .. | A. J. FLORENCE, A. M. SHEPHERD, B. S. BICKMORE, and K. C. KIRKPATRICK. |
| SHERLOCK HOLMES           | ... .. | G. E. A. JACKSON.  |
| DOCTOR WATSON             | ... .. | E. L. B. DAMANT.   |
| PROFESSOR MORIARTY        | ... .. | P. E. GOLDSMITH.   |
| OBERLEUTNANT VON SPLITLIP | ... .. | C. CASLON.   |
| COXSWAIN FRITZ            | ... .. | F. C. BOTTOMLEY.   |

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For Service in Grand Fleet

Several Acting Sub Lieutenants or Midshipmen. Must have blue hair and curly eyes and be the very best, possessing qualities of adventurous gallantry, indomitable perseverance, and unquenchable thirst. (Back General)

LOST

In or about Nineteen-Fourteen  
Two Tame SUBMARINES

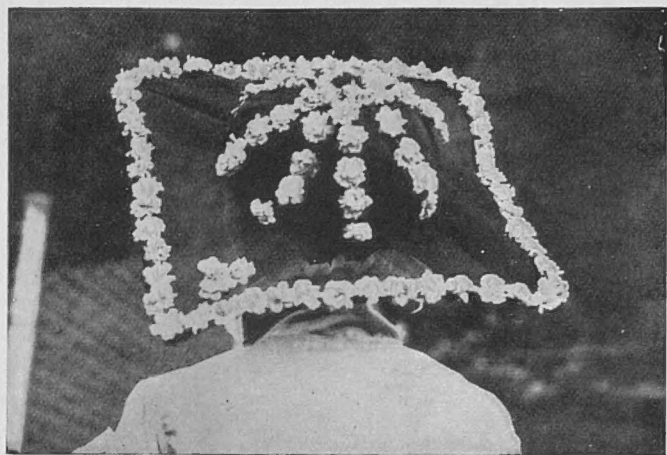
Answering to the Names of  
FRITZ and HANS  
Anyone returning same will be suitably rewarded  
Apply G.P.O.

THEATRICAL TALENT IN THE GRAND FLEET: A PAGE OF THE PROGRAMME  
OF "YOU SEE TOO," GIVEN ON BOARD A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.

We give on a double-page in this Number photographs illustrating the production of "You See Too," a "musical farce in seven paroxysms," given before Admiral Jellicoe on board a British war-ship. The programme itself was very amusing, as this page from it shows.



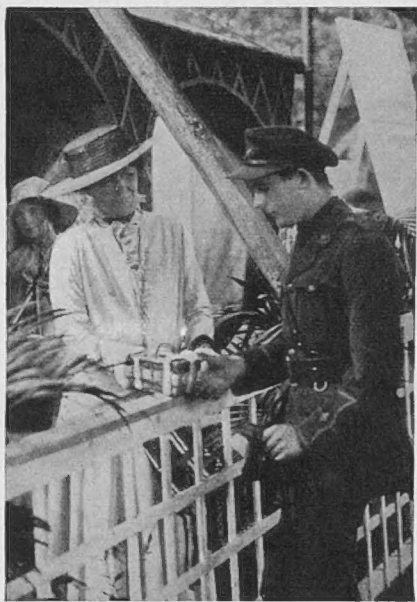
## THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTISANS: "LEADS" IN NEW PARTS.



SQUARING THE CIRCLE, LIKE GABY'S PARASOL: MISS DORIS DEAN'S QUADRILATERAL CHAPEAU.



"YOU CAN'T RESIST HER WHEN SHE ASKS FOR MORE": MARIE, WHOSE WORD IS LÖHR, SELLING BUTTON-HOLES.



SELLING CHOCOLATES, NOT TO A "CHOCOLATE" SOLDIER: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.



A WAITRESS WHO ANSWERS TO THE BELLE (OF NEW YORK): MISS EDNA MAY.



ON THE POST: SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER ACTS AS CROQUET COACH.



KHAKI IN PLACE OF "PEARLIES": CAPTAIN FARREN SOUTAR ACTING IN A NEW PART—AS COSTER FLOWER-SELLER.



"BETTY" BACKS A WINNER: MISS WINIFRED BARNES AUTOGRAPHING HER PHOTO. FOR A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

At the Theatrical Garden-Party in aid of the Actors' Orphanage last Tuesday in the Botanic Gardens, many well-known actors and actresses were to be seen playing "lead" in new and unaccustomed rôles. Miss Marie Löhr, for example, at the Temple of Flora, made a charming and successful flower-seller. As Mr. Arthur Wimperis wrote in his couplet upon her composed for the Souvenir Lunch at the Savoy: "You can't resist her when she asks for more; Her name is Marie, but her word is Löhr." At another stall, Miss Irene Vanbrugh was purveying chocolate, while Miss Edna May and

Miss Vane Featherstone (seen with her in our photograph) acted as waitresses to wounded soldiers at tea. Sir George Alexander initiated other wounded men into the mysteries of croquet, while Captain Farren Soutar, who has exchanged histrionic for military fame, emulated the coster with his donkey-barrow laden with flowers "all a-blowin' and a-growin'." At the stall for signed photographs and picture-postcards, Miss Winifred Barnes, the heroine of "Betty," the modern Cinderella, at Daly's, did a roaring trade in autographed portraits.





WE are hearing a good deal about Ciro's and Maidenhead, of the Duke of Manchester's new cocktail, and of other distractions that do not fit into the vast social plot for Benefits and Funds. Society is more or less divided into two camps, and both are doing good work. The difference is mainly one of diversions. Some people take them; the others do not. Lady Eileen Wellesley's invention of a "half-holiday" is, perhaps, an attempt at a compromise.

*But How Often?* On Lady Eileen's half-holiday everything has to be done—personal shopping or a lonely walk, private visits or poetry at home. A half-holiday once a week is the normal allowance; but overtime is not unknown at Apsley House, and lately Lady Eileen found herself doing with one half-day off in a fortnight.

*Grouse as Usual.* Lord Ancaster, whose women-folk are doing great things for charity, does his share by letting Drummond Castle and the shooting as part of a scheme of retrenchment that will, indirectly, help several funds in which he is interested. He does not, however, bring American money into England on this occasion, as his new tenant is Mr. Raphael. He has let Drummond Castle only twice before, and each time in response to a handsome offer from Boston, U.S.A.

#### *The Szes at Maidenhead.*

Last week, just when Maidenhead was at its wettest, the Chinese Minister and Mrs. Sze fixed on summer

quarters there. The Chinese Minister—who, like most intellectual Chinamen, is fond of writing enigmas—has now condescended to an English joke. "Sze—short for Sneeze," he wrote in a little girl's autograph album—having caught a cold the first day he spent within sight of the comfortless and very damp-looking river.

*The Baroness and the Baby.* Baroness Beaumont's baby is not old enough—it is, in fact, only a few days old—to wish its mother many happy returns this week. The young mother's is a birthday among birthdays—the one in twenty-one that counts, especially with a lady of whom, being a Peeress in her own right, it can be said, more properly than of most of her sex, that she comes of age. And how much more she has achieved during her minority than the ordinary young man who is fêted in his father's

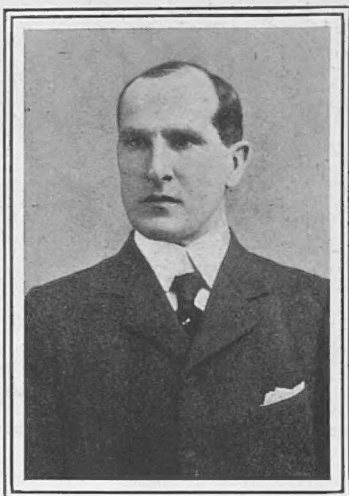


ENGAGED TO LIEUT.-COMMANDER A. W. McDONALD, R.N.: MISS LINDA ISOBEL BEDFORD.

Miss Bedford is the elder daughter of Mrs. C. A. S. Bedford, of The Spinney, Addlestone. Lieutenant-Commander Alister W. McDonald is the second son of the late George McDonald, M.D., J.P., and Mrs. McDonald, of Darley Dene, Addlestone.—Miss Ravenscroft, the well-known winner of English, French, and American Ladies' Golfing Championships, is engaged, it is announced, to Mr. Temple Dobell, of Birkenhead. Miss Ravenscroft will have the good wishes of countless admirers.—[Photographs by Swaine and Rita Martin.]



A FAMOUS LADY GOLFER ENGAGED: MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT.



ENGAGED TO LADY NINA OGILVIE-GRANT: SIR LEES KNOWLES.

Sir Lees Knowles is the eldest son of the late John Knowles, J.P., D.L., and High Sheriff of Lancashire. Sir Lees Knowles is a barrister, a Member of Parliament for the West Division of Salford, and has held many political and public positions of importance. He was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding, Lancashire Fusiliers, is a Deputy-Lieutenant for Lancashire, and was awarded the C.V.O. in 1909.

Photograph by Bassano.



ENGAGED TO SECOND LIEUTENANT W. GUY SNELL: MISS HILDA WALKER.

Miss Walker is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Walker, of 88, Cornwall Gardens, S.W. Mr. Snell is in the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment, and is the younger son of the late Mr. Richard G. Snell and Mrs. Snell, of 9, Harrington Court, S.W.—Miss Mackenzie is the younger daughter of Mr. H. Douglas Mackenzie, of Seaford, Sheringham, late Deputy-Commissioner of Sind. Lieutenant-Commander Edward S. Graham, R.N., is the fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham, of Carnethick, Fowey, Cornwall.

Photographs by Rita Martin and Bassano.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT E. S. GRAHAM, R.N.: MISS ELSIE MONRO, MACKENZIE.

grounds on such occasions. She is married and has (even if it be still speechless) a baby!

#### *Sir Arthur's Friends!*

With whom will that prime disturber of the Commons, Sir Arthur Markham, spend his holidays? As likely as not, in peace and good-will with a Coalition Minister. It was he who came to the rescue four years ago when Mr. Lloyd George wanted a rest, or, at least, wanted to work in luxury. Sir Arthur lent him his house near Folkestone, and private telephones were strung up to enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to work the Land Taxes, or whatever was on at the time, from bed or the bath-room. To one so pertinacious as Sir Arthur, this should be the right moment to ask for a return of favours in the shape of a rest-cure at Criccieth.

#### *Disregarding Lord Lovat.*

Most people are agreed that Lord Lovat might have been allowed to have his way about grouse-shooting. Lord Lovat for the moment is a soldier above all things, and is therefore free from all suspicion of making a suggestion that would give the pull to sport. A few people—a very few people—who have taken the Twelfth seriously into consideration might be upset by the substitution of the Fifth as beginning-day, and where the leasing of shootings is concerned, complications might arise as to the ownership of birds between the two dates. But Lord Lovat worked on broader principles. He was thinking of the importance in the present year of wasting no game, and planned for shooting to commence before the birds were too strong on the wing for the scratch parties—including many wounded soldiers—assembled on the moors. Lord Lovat himself can shoot anything; but to manage a crutch and a gun at the same time requires quite a lot of practice.

#### *A New Arrival.*

The Tree household is to be congratulated on the arrival of another infant recruit. It comes into a rich kingdom of rattles, and cots, and cloth of gold, for something better than the staging at His Majesty's was devised for Sir Herbert's first grandchild. It was made gorgeous without any affectation or lack of taste, but simply because it seemed to the parents to deserve a decorative environment. Last year, week-end hostesses were eager on having the baby as well as the parents. They would not have got them separately,



MARRIED TO LIEUT. WILLIAM MALLALIEU, R.F.A.: MISS DOROTHY G. LAX.

Miss Dorothy Greenwell Lax (Mrs. Mallalieu), who was married yesterday to Lieut. William Mallalieu, of the Royal Field Artillery, is the only daughter of Dr. Greenwell Lax, M.A., LL.D., and Mrs. Lax, of Charleville House, West Kensington. The wedding was celebrated quietly, on account of the war.

Photograph by Sarony.



## RACING FOR THE RED CROSS: DUBLIN SOCIETY AT BALDOYNE.



A WELL-KNOWN IRISH OWNER: MR. J. J. PARKINSON (ON THE RIGHT),  
WITH MISS GARTH AND LIEUTENANT H. N. HARTIGAN.



A HILLSBOROUGH CASTLE GROUP AT THE BALDOYNE MEETING:  
SIR THOMAS AND LADY DIXON AND FRIENDS.



KHAKI ON THE COURSE: MRS. FAUDEL-  
PHILLIPS AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. KIRK.



WATCHING THE RACES: LIEUTENANT HUMPHREY  
LLOYD AND THE HON. ROSAMUND GROSVENOR.



THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN AND THE  
COUNTESS OF FINGALL.



THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE'S GRANDSON: CAPTAIN THE HON. IAN MAITLAND,  
WITH MISS BELL-IRVING, THE HON. MRS. IAN MAITLAND, AND A FRIEND.



THE EARL OF FINGALL'S DAUGHTER AS RACE-CARD SELLER FOR CHARITY:  
LADY MARY PLUNKETT REAPS A GOLDEN HARVEST FOR THE RED CROSS.

The race meeting at Baldoyne, arranged for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, was well attended by Dublin Society. Among those present were the Earl of Enniskillen, the Countess of Fingall, and her elder daughter, Lady Mary Plunkett, who acted with much success as a race-card seller for the Red Cross funds. The Hon. Ian Maitland is the only son of Viscount Maitland, elder son of the Earl of Lauderdale. Captain Maitland married, in 1912, Miss Ethel Mary Bell-Irving, daughter of Mr. J. J. Bell-

Irving, of Rokeby, Barnard Castle, Yorkshire. The Hon. Rosamund Grosvenor, who is in attendance on the Vicereine, Lady Wimborne, is the daughter of the late Hon. Algernon Henry Grosvenor, fourth son of the first Baron Ebury. Sir Thomas Dixon, second Baronet, married Miss Edith Stewart Clark, daughter of the late Mr. Stewart Clark, of Dundas Castle, Linlithgowshire. Sir Thomas has two Irish country seats—Hillsborough Castle, Co. Down, and Drumadarragh, Co. Antrim.



## FIVE O'CLOCK

## FRIVOLITIES



## A BELATED LETTER. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I SUPPOSE *The Sketch* must be a particular favourite in Johannesburg, for a great proportion of the letters I receive from my readers come from there. Will my South African correspondent who is coming over here to see what he can do with the War Office—or should I have said what the War Office can do with him?—forgive me for answering only now his letter of June 6? As for the first letter of which he speaks, I never received it at all. Censored? Or forgotten in an old coat pocket, together with a repudiated pipe and pencil-stumps? In either case, I am sorry, for, judging by your *résumé* of it, it must have been an exciting epistle—"Poisoned wells. . . . Laid mines. . . . A mule discovered a mine in a stable." I hope the Animal Lovers' League will see that the mule gets proper recognition for its 'cuteness—carrots, rather than congratulations.

I have no idea of what work the War Office has kept up its sleeve for you all this time, but I should say decidedly not a clerkship! Your calligraphy is quite picturesque, but—won't you type-write your next letter?

And I hope you may get lost in London, since you seem to wish it so. London has such a nice, big, pulsating heart to be lost in! London is a paradoxical paradise—it is the best-tempered town in the whole world. It is the place where the impossible is being practised—and achieved. It always was so, but how much more so since the war! If you were in London now and took a walk about town, looking around with the fresh, receptive eyes of the new-comer, you would see astonishing sights that our casual comprehension passes by. For instance, in Piccadilly Circus—you have heard of Piccadilly, of course—you would see, under the Arcades, two straight figures clothed in coarse grey stuff, like two caryatides of granite. They are nuns—yes, nuns; little Sisters of the Poor. They came from the quiet of their cloister into this buzzing bazaar of the West, and here they stand all day at the cross-roads of many worlds—they know that all ways lead to charity, and they do not wait in vain, the saintly beggars—calm in the crowd, like two sweet, silver doves, unafraid.

You would see the return of the Roman "triumph." You would see the triumpher in his car, meandering midst the million that came to clap and cheer; but you would see that he was no Cæsar, no General, not even a favourite pugilist—merely a hero, a lad of Ireland, pale and proud, and oh, so—so charmingly modest!

You would see in Regent Street the most alluring little errand-girl imaginable standing at a door, on the neatest pair of brown-stockinged legs that ever justified such a short skirt. I am not sure about the colour of her eyes, but from her cap to her high

boots she is russet and radiant and irresistible. I hope she'll find some knightly errand-boy to carry her parcels for her.

You would see Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. Lloyd George exchanging smiles and politenesses on the political platform! You would see patriotic processions of women, under the rain, wanting work, work, work, with never a thought to the wave in their hair—and it was wet! You would have seen a pageant organised by women in which they put the prettiest among them in the most prominent parts! Yes; oh, London is a gigantic altruistic altar at the present time.

And you will see, when you go to order your khaki kit at some of the London large stores, that the portly porter who opens the cab-door for you has immaterialised into a dainty damsel—a smiling, shiny, shimmery vision in tussore and patent leather; and, as you enter the lift and are whisked up to the heavens by a blue angel who chants a celestial, if unintelligible, incantation about floors, artificial flowers, curtains, and crockery, you make the fervent determination to come and buy your outfit piece by piece, one handkerchief at a time—every day, if need be, as there is nothing like choosing deliberately and judiciously while one is about it. And—who knows?—you may believe in the reality of your reasons!

As you emerge into the street, blushing and bewildered, you will be button-holed by a bevy of belles—no, they do not mean to kiss you, although they look somewhat like it: wait till the V.C.—they merely want you to buy a "bravery button."

London, my dear reader, is just now a huge bee-hive, full of activity and honey and brave little bonny bees with little baskets on their breasts—"Buy a badge! Buy a badge!" And you buy, you romantic soul, and, well, you care much more than a button for it! What ripping rippling hair she had, and what a shy way of pressing her wares! Of course, I

do not know you, far friend from Johannesburg, but I think that you will keep that badge "for luck," and take it to the front with you!

And you will see, in this wonder-town of ours, fashion-plates (you are not above an interest in fashion, I hope) pretending they can be practical, and presenting patterns savouring prettily of the simple life—on the stage. Plain little smocks for women-gardeners, so simple—just two seams, you know. They look sweet carried out in blue shantung. There is a *penchant* towards pleasant peasantry that would have rejoiced the heart of Marie Antoinette!

You will see women in all sorts of uniforms, and you will wonder that there can be so much personality, so much diversity, in the way uniforms are worn.

You will see—but I think I have said enough to make you still more eager than before to get lost in London; and, should you literally lose yourself—ask your way from the nearest policewoman!



THE BREECHES THAT CAUSED A BREACH.

DRAWN BY G. E. PRIO.



A TACTICAL ERROR.



THE SUBALTERN (*after a call on his fiancée's mother*): Heavens! I've left a card of Fifi's instead of my own!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





## MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.

THE forty-second verse of the unpublished, and in parts unpublishable, rhymes that the flippant diner-out of last year used to chant below his breath to his neighbour, and ascribe to the genius of Max Beerbohm, went thus—

And I shall write a book  
For Mr. Martin Secker,  
About the good lady of  
The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But it avails nothing to go to the Adelphi for a copy of the promised volume. Max never did, and never could, write a book about Mrs. Lloyd George: she gives the caricaturist no openings, and takes none.

Maggie and  
Margot.

To put it mildly, she is not another Mrs. Asquith. Though she and Margot of the Mots have lived next door to one another in Downing Street, there has been no interchange of characteristics or talents. Mr. du Parcq, in the *Life of David*, pays Mrs. Lloyd George the inevitable compliment about the wife who is behind the speeches. If she did not write them, she suggested and edited them. We have it in so many words: "His speeches may be regarded as the joint efforts of the family partnership"; the idea of a speech was first propounded to her, and then sent to Wales for the criticism of his brother and uncle—"the G.O.M. at home." Obviously the wife was a help-mate; from the beginning she encouraged and supported a scheme of life which led her into what was at first a quite uncongenial environment. But we are inclined, without fear of anger from the lady herself, to put the credit of the speeches to the speaker of them. From the very beginning, their push and thrust were their chief virtue. His maiden speech, by his own reckoning, was the cheekiest maiden speech ever delivered in the House; and we refuse to trace it back to the inspiration of the shrewd but most amiable mistress of his household.

Taking the  
Chair and  
Taking the  
Lady.

At eighteen David paid his first visit to the Commons, and records: "I will not say but that I eyed the assembly in a spirit similar to that in which William the Conqueror eyed England on his visit to Edward the Confessor, as the region of his future domain. Oh, vanity!" But first he had to conquer the young lady. "He's after Maggie Mynyddednyfed, and the old people are against him," says Mr. Davies to Mr. Jones, or vice-versa, in the five-volume "*Life*." The old people were farmers, and looked doubtfully at the young professional man with uncomfortable ambitions. The young man's first success seems to have had to do with the art of the platform. The entry in his diary for May 21, 1885,

notes that, after taking the chair at the Debating Society's soirée, he "took Maggie home."

She Comes to  
Town.

Maggie Mynyddednyfed may be translated into Maggie Owen. The Mynyddednyfed was used merely as a territorial title; Mr. Davies or Mr. Jones could with equal propriety call her Mrs. David Downing Street. The old people propitiated, the wedding took place in 1888 at the little chapel of Pencaenwydd, four years after David had opened his office in Criccieth. "Early in the day,"

according to the local paper, "flags were seen in all directions, and at night the town was illuminated. The happy couple went to London for their honeymoon." Two years later they came to town for good. Mrs. Lloyd George had been happy in Wales; she was happy in London. Their first establishment was in Essex Court, Temple; their second in Verulam Buildings. Later on, they moved to Wandsworth Common, and there lived an exciting but contented life until Downing Street claimed them.

Near the  
Pile.

At times Mrs. Lloyd George may have wearied of the abuse showered on her husband; she may have wearied of it, but it never daunted her. And now it is grown to be a legend that furnishes the tea-time or after-luncheon period of anecdotage with material. There is, for instance, her story of the Welsh shepherd. "I'm going to have a look at him," said the shepherd to a stranger on the way to the opening of the Tom Ellis Memorial. ("They always call him 'him,'" Mrs. Lloyd George explains.) "He's very rich," continued the shepherd. "Well, he gets £5000 a year," answered the other. "Yes; but that's not it," mused the shepherd, "that's not all of it—he's near the pile." Mrs. Lloyd George can tell a story of her own people better than any other. She is Welsh, more Welsh than Megan and more Welsh than Gwilym, though she has lived in London longer than either of them. For her, chiefly, did

the Chancellor dip his hand into his pile for funds to build a little house at Criccieth.

Domesticity.

Her public interests, like his, have never spoiled the flavour of the domestic dish nor ousted the domestic pleasures. One family record may be appropriately quoted, now that her sons are in the Army. In 1891 she and her husband took their small boy to see the Kaiser go by in the street. "L. G." sets down the son's impressions: "He was very pleased with the soldiers, especially the cavalry, but saw nothing for special admiration in the Emperor. He took more interest in the Kaiser's horses than in the Kaiser."



WIFE OF THE MAN OF THE MOMENT: MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.

The persistent success of the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, alike as statesman, speaker, and man of affairs, is, we doubt not, due in a large degree to the helpful tact and unswerving faith shown by his wife during the whole course of his remarkable and brilliant career. Mr. Lloyd George was born in Manchester, but was educated in Wales, and possesses the true Welsh fire which lends such passion to his orations and such power to his appeals. Mrs. Lloyd George herself was born in Wales, being, at the time of her marriage, Miss Margaret Owen, daughter of Mr. Richard Owen, of Mynyddednyfed, Criccieth. Mrs. Lloyd George and her daughter, Miss Megan Lloyd George, have latterly helped the Minister of Munitions by taking an active part in many benevolent efforts connected with the war, and her sons have joined the Colours.

Photograph by Lafayette.



## DAUGHTER OF A FIGHTING EARL—AND A SPORTSWOMAN.



Well known, and well liked, especially by devotees of sport and the open-air life, Lady Marjorie Gwendolen Elsie Cochrane, of whom we give the latest portrait, is the youngest daughter of the twelfth Earl of Dundonald. She is devoted especially to riding, golf, and lawn-tennis. She was born in 1889, and her sisters are Lady Grizel

Hamilton, wife of the Hon. Ralph Gerard Alexander Hamilton, Master of Belhaven, only surviving son of Lord Belhaven and Stenton; and Lady Jean Hervey, wife of Lord Herbert Hervey, of the Diplomatic Service, the youngest brother of the Marquess of Bristol.—[Photograph by Yvonde.]





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

**M**R. R. Cunninghame-Graham, very brown and with the Spanish lisp more marked than ever, has returned from the South American horse-markets in time to congratulate a favourite niece on her engagement. People have watched the Row for the gallant and picturesque figure of "R. C.-G.," mounted on something very original and fresh in the way of a mount. But he went abroad to buy for the Government, and it is doubtful if even the charming niece will get a Mexican horse for a wedding-present.

*The Commander.* Miss Cunninghame-Graham's engagement has interested the royal family hardly less than the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox's. Her father, Commander Cunninghame-Graham, has been Groom-in-Waiting to the King for so long that he must be counted among his Majesty's closest naval friends. He is typical of the Navy, but with a difference. After being in the Service nineteen years he resigned his commission to join the Lifeboat Institution, which has meant, during twenty-three years, much technical work on life-boats as well as much actual saving of life and winning of medals. He rejoined the Navy in 1901, through the Emergency List.



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT:  
MISS NANCY HULBERT.

Miss Hulbert, whose engagement to Second Lieutenant Eric Charles Montagu Flint, Suffolk Yeomanry, is announced, is the elder daughter of Mr. Charles Hulbert, Master of the Supreme Court, and Mrs. Hulbert, of Hillfield, Harrow. Mr. Flint is the only son of Brigadier-General Flint, of the Royal Artillery.

Photograph by Suttaine.

Lennox, naturally, has many anxieties over and above her trousseau. She belongs to a family that is very fully represented at the front, and even her wedding-day is dependent on War Office time-tables.

*Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox.* In feature Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox may have a look of her aunts, "Millie" Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Angela Forbes, but in stature she has not followed their exalted example. She is very pretty, and short; but not so short, she hopes, as to be called "little Titchfield" in the near future. She was, by the way, the first of the Gordon-Lennox family to hold a Court post, and before

*The Strangers and the Sculptures.*

Princess Clémentine, the Countess de Lalaing, and many other Belgians felt, naturally enough, quite at home in Westminster Cathedral last week; but some of the English politicians who attended out of politeness must have been rather lost during the long and elaborate



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: MAJOR KINSMAN—MISS WHITAKER.

Miss Dorothy Whitaker, whose engagement to Major Gerald Kinsman, D.S.O., is announced, resides at 52, Cadogan Square, S.W. Major Kinsman, who was awarded the D.S.O. only recently, and is now back in the fighting line, is in the Royal Horse Artillery.

Photographs by Val l'Estrange.

ceremonial of Pontifical High Mass. They had Eric Gill's newly erected sculptures to assist, or further bewilder, their devotions. The Duke of Norfolk, who is at the Cathedral for all occasions, is, by the way, lending his house for charity work this week.

*A Gallant Episode.*

Mr. Kenneth Gill, the sculptor's brother, is lying in Guy's with bullet-wounds in his shoulder and minus a couple of fingers. The shoulder-wound is still a nuisance; the lost fingers have given no trouble from first to last. Mr. Gill was one of the officers who had the adventure on the edge of a German trench. The glow of a cigarette suddenly warned them that they were within arm's-reach of the enemy: a revolver went off, and the Germans fired. The miracle is that any one of them escaped. Mr. Gill got away in the dark despite his wounds, and when he finally reached a dressing-station received first aid for his shoulder. That job over, the doctor asked, "Why, what's wrong with your hand?"—the hand of the other arm. "Nothing," Gill was going to answer until he looked again and saw it had less than the proper complement of fingers.



*The Stanleys' Explorations.*

Miss Venetia Stanley's decision to adopt Mr. Montagu's faith fairly well rounds off the family's religious adventures. Her uncles set her an example in versatility of belief, and she has been bolder than any of them. One was a Mohammedan, or very near it; another is the Bishop Stanley who has made Rome his home; and her father is a Churchman of somewhat independent views. Bishop Stanley, who has often conducted his niece round the Eternal City, and done the honours of St. Peter's, will be sorry to abandon all hope of saying a nuptial Mass at Venetia's wedding.

MARRIED ON MONDAY LAST: MRS. A. L. MOLESWORTH (FORMERLY MISS DOLLY FINCH TAYLOR).

The bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, of Buenos Ayres, and was married, on July 26, to Captain Alec Lindsay Molesworth, of the 2nd Gurkha Rifles, who is the youngest son of the late Major-General Molesworth, Royal Artillery. Captain Molesworth has been wounded, and is home on leave.

Photograph by Bee Bellon.

*The Independent Trio.*

The Stanley-Montagu engagement is one of a bunch. Among Miss Stanley's closest friends is Miss Asquith, and Miss Tennant is the friend of both of them. It looks, of course, like collusion; but it wasn't—nor was it so much as force of example. The three engagements all stand entirely on their own merits.



MARRIED YESTERDAY (JULY 27): CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. H. JONES EVANS. Miss Helen Gillart, whose marriage to Captain and Adjutant R. H. Jones Evans took place on July 27, at Machynlleth, is the younger daughter of the late Rev. James and Mrs. Gillart, of Gentleshaw Vicarage, Rugeley. Captain and Adjutant R. H. Jones Evans is in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and is the second son of the late Mr. Joseph Evans and Mrs. Evans, of Frou-y-gog, Machynlleth.

the war had taken so kindly to her duties that it was quite uncertain when Lord Titchfield would prevail upon her to put an end to the Maidship. But the war, and hospital work, and the general increase in the sense of values helped her to a decision.



THE BUS-MAN'S HOLIDAY.



TOMMY (caught in the barbed-wire fence): An' me 'ome on a week's leave!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.





By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

**Apropos des Bottes.**

It is better to have a plain, pleasant face than a pair of large feet. That is the feeling of many women just now. After all, it is possible, with the expenditure of a little time and ingenuity, to impart some degree of "niceness" to features not absolutely repellent. But big feet—that is an altogether different and more difficult problem. It was fear of what short skirts might disclose, rather than outraged propriety, which made so many women cry out against the frank skirt. The arbiters of fashion apparently agreed with the idea that in the matter of long feet Englishwomen led the world. Suckling's hints as to the existence of mice-like extremities they treated with scorn. So the long skirt, except for sporting wear, became an accepted convention. For people with big feet it was an excellent arrangement: it helped to conceal a multitude of inches. In the quiet seclusion of swathing draperies and fish-tail gowns the too generously planned foot sought refuge from the criticism of a censorious world. But no low cunning avails with the present kilt-like garment, from which the foot emerges perfectly unabashed. And really our feet are not so large, after all. That, at least, is the impression conveyed by the feet of those having the smallest claim to be well dressed, whose extremities the short, swaying skirts so clearly reveal. The smart woman's toilet demands a unity of plan down to the smallest detail, and as the ingenuous display of a perhaps not precisely tiny foot might mar an effect only achieved after hours of hard thought, it follows that there has been an immense addition to the philosophy of the human understanding, and shoemakers have been hard put to it designing boots and shoes to meet the altered requirements of this season.



**Frilled Foot-Wear**—this variety of boot is carried out in coloured suede and patent leather, the chic little frill at the top being of black silk.

The result is seen in the shop-windows gay with gorgeous brocades and bright silks, coloured leathers and flashing gems, all of which have been pressed into the service of the artist in footwear, whose productions rival in appearance those of the beauties, more fair than wise, who tripped gaily through the salons of Whitehall when the Merry Monarch held high revel. Englishwomen with pretty feet no longer shed tears over a native-made shoe, nor does a gallant lover smuggle half-a-dozen pairs across the Channel in the lining of his dressing-gown by way of proving his affection. There is nothing to rival the good British-made shoe in cut, and almost every period of history is reproduced in the prevailing styles. Dolores' sketches on this page illustrate the great variety of modern boots and shoes, and also the way in which widely divergent ideas have been seized, so that a single boot is sometimes an epitome of two or three centuries of invention.

**A History Pageant in Shoes.**

The shoes of this year divide themselves into "penny plain and tuppence coloured," except that the price is expressed in guineas, and the neatest, plain shoe probably costs far more than the more blatant decorated type. Whether of brocade or leather, of



**Striped Like a Zebra**—boots made of grey or coloured suede with stripes of black patent leather.

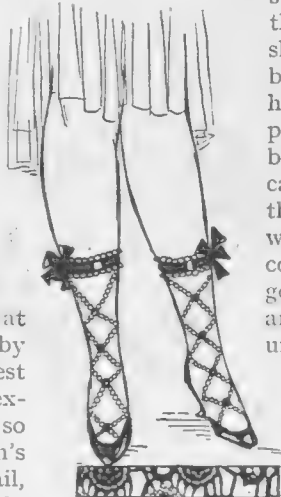
lining of his dressing-gown by way of proving his affection. There is nothing to rival the good British-made shoe in cut, and almost every period of history is reproduced in the prevailing styles. Dolores' sketches on this page illustrate the great variety of modern boots and shoes, and also the way in which widely divergent ideas have been seized, so that a single boot is sometimes an epitome of two or three centuries of invention.

**Lively and Severe.** Shoes of this year divide themselves into "penny plain and tuppence coloured," except that the price is expressed in guineas, and the neatest, plain shoe probably costs far more than the more blatant decorated type. Whether of brocade or leather, of

dainty silk or flowered satin, severely simple or enriched with elaboration of ornament, the shoes of to-day are a standing menace to the good resolutions of the war-thrifty woman. There are blunt-looking shoes, with short, round toes, such as those which came into fashion just before Richard Crookback met his fate at Bosworth. A similar shoe is cut low at the side, with a wide strap across the instep, and fastened, it may be, with a crescent buckle set with brilliants or a plain stud of oxydised metal.

**Some Quaint Conceits.**

By way of contrast we have the shoes of velvet stitched with gold, or cunningly embroidered in silken thread, or golden or silver shoes stamped in various designs—just such shoes, in fact, as might have been seen peeping below the monstrous hooped skirt of some Elizabethan beauty. There are brocaded shoes—green and yellow, pink and blue, decorated with a ribbon ornament in the heart of which a gem flashes. In just such provokingly dainty gear might some frail beauty of the Restoration have essayed to catch the eye of Charles himself, or slipped through the corridor of the royal palace on her way to keep tryst with some courtier whose coat of satin bristled with lace of silver and gold. Some of these masterpieces have a front and a small piece for the heel, leaving the foot uncovered, the shoe being kept in place by an elaborate arrangement of narrow straps and coloured ribbon encircling the leg from the ankle half-way up to the knee.



**In Velvet and Pearl Lacings**—a becoming dancing-shoe of black velvet with pearl lacings, joined down the centre with velvet buttons, and finished at the top with a black-velvet band edged with pearls with bows at either side.

**Fascinating Sandal Shoes.**

The sandal shoe is a fascinating affair with a strap over the instep. A cunningly contrived device representing a dragon-fly lightly poised on an invisible spring, which trembles and sparkles with every movement of the light fantastic, is the fastener. Shoes with enormous high heels call up visions of the Bath Pump-Room, Beau Brummell, and high-coiffured ladies who "protested" and talked about "Shakespeare and the musical glasses."

**A Hint from Russia.**

The shoes designed for outdoor wear show almost as great a variety of style and colouring. Fashion, ever ready to seize the topical, has taken to herself the Russian boot, seamless, high, and surely difficult to get into, since it laces up the side. Admirers of this type of boot may take their choice from a selection of colours including blue, green, violet, grey, or black, wherewith to bridge the gap of eight inches or more which separates the ankle from its legitimate protector, the skirt. Another fancy is the high boot the top of which reproduces the colour of the costume with which it is worn.

**No Ankle Anxieties.**

At the opposite pole from the high boot is the plain Oxford shoe, which depends for its success solely on excellence of cut and a clever combination of its constituent leathers. The cleverness of the designers has managed to exorcise many of the anxieties of the clumsily built. In the best shoe models of this season even an ugly ankle may face the world with some confidence. Lizard and snake skin still have their followers, and both these materials are used extensively in shoes intended for tennis and river wear. Dyed crocodile is still with us; but in shoes, as in dress, the tendency is to avoid an over-elaboration of ornament, and to achieve effect solely by means of cut and colour.



**Twinkling Feet**—an adorable little pair of white-satin shoes bordered round with diamonds, with heels also studded in diamonds. The anklet, of black velvet sprinkled with diamonds and edged with a frill of black chiffon, lends a great finish.



**Where Garter Matches Boot**—check boots of a gabardine material with white suede feet.



**A Hint from Russia**—top boots made of suede and patent leather with tassels to match the colour of the suede.



AS PER UJE!



THE LAST OF THE SLACKERS (we hope): As per uje! Ab-so-lute-ly nothin' doin'.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE REQUIEM.

By BART KENNEDY.

HIS head felt very clear; but he could see nothing. He was in the midst of darkness—or rather, to be more exact, he was in the midst of a dark-grey vagueness.

Upon his face was a steady warmth. He began to wonder about it. Where did it come from? It was not at all like the warmth of a fire. It was at once steady and soft and penetrating. And he could only feel it upon his face. It did not seem to affect the rest of his body. It was an odd thing, this warmth. What could it be? And then, suddenly, he stopped thinking of it.

Yes, his head felt very clear indeed. All that he had ever passed through in the whole of his life was arranging itself in his mind. He was looking now at a vast picture in which a great many scenes were showing all at once. This picture lived vividly in the dark, surrounding vagueness.

But though it lived so vividly in front of him, he was still unable to get a key to it. For example, he could not tell who he was. Nor could he tell the place where the scenes in the picture were occurring. All that he knew was that they were related to him—that he was the central figure in them.

As to who he was, however, he felt but little curiosity. And he felt in the same way concerning the place where the scenes in the picture were laid. The thought had only come into his mind in an idle way.

In one of the scenes a woman was crying. She was familiar to him, but he could not tell who she was. He saw her as something utterly impersonal—as something altogether outside of himself. He felt no interest in her—indeed, he felt no interest in any of the scenes that were happening before him in the vast picture. It was as if they were having their being in some other world—as if, though they had belonged to him, they belonged to him no longer.

What he really felt curious about was the steady warmth upon his face. He had suddenly begun to think of it again. It was persisting and penetrating, and it had forced itself upon his attention. What could it be? Where did it come from? It was not like the warmth of a fire. And he could only feel it upon his face.

Another thing began to force itself upon him. It was the sense of surrounding sound. He had the feeling that it was there before, but that he had not noticed it. This was odd, he thought, for his mind was clearness itself.

They were sounds that were happening from all sorts of distances. Tremendous, explosive sounds, and smashing sounds, and irregular, rattling sounds, and booming sounds. Sounds going together and going singly. The world seemed to be filled with them. And through them, now and then, he heard shoutings. Yes, the voices of men at times mingled with them.

His sense of hearing had suddenly become preternaturally acute. He could hear men talking through the sounds. He could hear men groaning. He could hear men shouting.

But he could find no clue to the meaning of it all. Though his mind was clear, he could attach no significance to it. It was as if he were in no sense of it—as if it were happening in some life that did not belong to him. Still, for all that, it was, in a strange way, familiar to him. But it did not belong to him.

The sounds stopped all at once. A sudden darkness had come upon him, blotting everything out.

He was living now in the midst of a strange and terrible dream. He was one of an army that was fighting a vast horde of monsters. Though these monsters looked like men, and had the faces of men, they were not men. Their wish was to destroy the peoples of the world, so that they could fill it with monsters.

The world was at war. Men were fighting in the air. Men were fighting on the land. Men were fighting on the waters, and fighting even in the darkness under the waters. It was a dream strange and vague and dreadful. The world was in chaos. Towns were gripped in the midst of flames red as blood. The cries of women and children were going up. Blood was flowing in all places. Blood was everywhere.

He was leading his men into the thick of the fight. For the world must be rid of these monsters whose faces were as the faces

of men! He was fighting not alone for his country—he was fighting for the human race.

In this strange and awful dream these monsters were things without a name.

He was leading his men into the thick of the fight. He was leading them—

And suddenly the dream was gone.

Clearness had again come to him. He was back again in the dark-grey vagueness. And the first thought that came to him was of the steady, persistent warmth that was upon his face when last his mind had been clear. He could not feel it now. It was gone.

Why was this so? Why had it gone?

He longed for it to come again. And there came upon him a sense of depression.

And this time there was no picture in the surrounding vagueness. His mind was clear as it had been before, but it was as if he were in the midst of a vast place of silence, where nothing lived or stirred. He felt utterly alone and lost.

He began to try and think as to where he was. He seemed to be chained down somewhere. Where—where was he? Who was he? And how had he come to be in this vast place of silence alone? Was he living? Or was he dead?

What was the meaning of it all? What had happened to him?

And there came to him a terrible thought. Could it be that he had been thought dead—that he had been buried—and that he had come back to life in the grave in which he had been laid? Such things had happened to other men. Had it happened to him?

Fear was upon him. A dread, smothering fear that all but blotted out his consciousness. A clammy, cold, grisly fear.

Surely he was buried alive. How else could the darkness be accounted for? How else could the feeling that he was chained down somewhere be accounted for?

But he was a brave man. His courage came to his aid in this awful moment. His mind became calm. If he were buried alive he would wait quietly for the end. A time would come when it would be all over. He would wait quietly for the coming of the last darkness.

Suddenly he felt the touch of something passing his face. And a thought came to him that was hardly believable. He waited, and then he knew what it was.

It was the wind blowing over his face!

He was not buried alive. He was lying out somewhere, and the wind was passing over him. But why was he in the midst of darkness? That he could not make out. But that he was out lying in an open place was certain. He was overjoyed at his escape from the awful fate that he had thought had befallen him.

"He is dead," said a voice.

He heard the words close by him. And he heard footsteps.

"Yes," said another voice; "he is gone. I thought I heard him moaning, but it is a man over yonder. Our only chance now is to look to the wounded. We haven't much time."

"Gone, poor fellow, gone," said the first voice again. "It was a shell that did him. If we can, we'll get him in the morning."

He could hear them moving off.

Whom were they talking of, and what were they talking of? What was meant by a shell? Though there was the strange clearness in his mind, he could not get the key to the meaning of what had been said. If they meant that he was dead, it was not so. He was alive. He was himself. He was lying in some still, strange place. But he was alive.

And he had no desire to be anywhere else but where he was. He was content to stay quiet. He did not want to be disturbed. He wanted to be at peace. It seemed to him as if he had always been as he was now. To lie here in this dark-grey vagueness had been the whole experience of his conscious life. He wondered why he had thought that he had been buried alive. For to have been buried alive would mean that he had once lived in some other way than he was living now.

[Continued overleaf.]



AFTER THE WAR: INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATIONS.



AS IT WILL BE—WE HOPE NOT! THE INFLUENCE OF THE WAR,

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



He could not understand things. His mind seemed to be able to grasp everything. But it did not relate things together. He wondered why he had thought of being buried alive. He wondered concerning the voices he had heard. He wondered about the passing footsteps. Had he really heard them? And, if he had heard them, what significance did they hold for him?

Before him there again appeared the vast picture in which a great many scenes were showing at once. There was the woman weeping!

And suddenly the utter and full significance of everything burst in upon his consciousness. He knew everything. He remembered all that had passed—all that had happened. The woman that he saw was his wife. She wanted him to go and fight for his country, but still she wept at the thought of what might befall him.

Yes, he knew it all. He had been leading his company here in France, and he must have been struck down. Those that had just passed by him had thought him dead. "A shell," said one. Yes, it must have been a shell that did it.

He was lying here, helpless, on the field. It must be the night-time, for it was cold and all was dark around him. He wondered how things had gone with his men. What had happened to them after he had been struck down?

It must be that he was in a pretty bad case if the ambulance people had thought him dead. But he felt no pain. The only thing that was beginning to bother him was the cold. But he felt it only upon his face.

How long had he been lying here—and how long would it be before morning came? He would be all right in the morning if—if they could get him.

He began to speculate as to how badly he was hurt. Had he just been knocked senseless with the shock—or was he smashed up altogether?

The fact that he felt no pain did not seem to be a good sign. At least, he had always heard that this was so.

The idea came to him to try to move himself. He put his will into force. But he could not get the faintest suggestion of a response from the rest of his body. In fact, he did not feel as if he had a body at all. He seemed but to have a mind, a consciousness, and nothing more. The only physical sensation he had was that of cold, caused by the wind blowing upon his face.

He could hear the sound of firing, coming from a distance. But it was nothing compared with what one heard during the day. And, besides, it seemed quite a way off.

The wind changed its direction. And there came to him the sound of the voices of men, singing. They were Germans. And the wind also brought to him the sound of the chorus of an English song. In the distance the voices of the enemies seemed to blend harmoniously together.

There came another change in the direction of the wind, and he could no longer hear the voices. He could only hear the sound of firing.

"It must be a cloudy night," he thought, for he could not see the stars. He was sorry that this was so, for he would have liked to see something. To have to lie here in the darkness was hard. But it would be all right to-morrow, for to-morrow they would come and take him away. He would know then how things were with him. It might be that there was but little the matter with him, after all. It might be that he would be round and about in a day

or so. He wouldn't like it to be so bad with him that he would have to stay away for any length of time. Lots of fellows who were wounded got back into shape pretty quickly. He felt that, as likely as not, there wasn't really much the matter with him. He felt no pain, of course, but that might be all the better for him. Doctors didn't know everything. Yes, he might be pretty well all right.

And upon him there again came unconsciousness.

A lark began to sing. The beautiful notes came down through the darkness, for dawn had not yet come. This wondrous herald of another dread and terrible day! It sang and sang and sang. Its notes pierced through the sullen death-voices that sounded out here and there, and off out yonder, and far away from the distance. Terrible fire flashed out, but still the lark sang. It heeded not the roaring of the death-voices. It sang even as a lark would sing over a quiet English field. It gave forth its notes with a like joyful exhilaration. It came down to earth, and again it rose, singing. It recked not of the sullen sounds of the guns. It sang on and on. And now there came up in the east the faint shimmer of the dawn. The shimmer shot up and up as the lark sang. Great bands of light shot up across the sky. And there came a faint, softened tinge of gold that slowly rose up and up and gently suffused the bands of light. Still the lark sang. And as the soft golden light spread and spread there came into the voice of the singer of heaven a still more joyful exhilaration. He was pouring out the soul of harmony. A magical, wondrous harmony that the sullen death-sounds could not quench. Here was the golden edge of the sun coming up over the horizon. The sky was filled with glory. The light illumined a horrible scene. It fell upon the faces of dead men. It fell upon men smashed and broken. It lit up rolling clouds and desolation. It paled the flashes from the guns. This wondrous light. And with its glory was blended the glory of the song of the lark.

He heard it—the song of the lark. It was just as if he were listening to a lark singing at home in England.

Consciousness had suddenly come to him in the midst of the glory of the song.

The morning had come then, for the lark was singing. Yes, here was the morning. But why was it dark around him? How was it that he could see nothing? It was morning, for up above the lark was singing.

And upon his face he began to feel the steady warmth.

Oh, he knew what was the matter now! The warmth was the warmth of the sun. And the darkness around him meant that he was blind! The shock of the shell had blinded him.

Things began to get slightly vague to him. He was blind, but it did not matter. For he felt that the end was coming upon him.

All sounds were shut away from him now but the glorious sound of the song of the lark. Yes, it was as if he were listening to it at home in England. How beautiful it was! How wonderful

it was! He was looking again into the vast picture in which a great many scenes were all showing at once. There was his wife. She was not weeping now. She was smiling bravely. For her husband had gone out to fight for his country—to do his duty. Yes, his wife was smiling. He was glad, for he was going away. He had done his duty, and he was going away. And up above the lark was singing. It was singing, singing as he was going away.

And over him there stole gently the last darkness in the midst of the wonderful song.

THE END.



SMALL ENTHUSIAST (*politely*): Would you mind moving one arm just a minute please; I do want to see if you're a sergeant.

DRAWN BY G. E. PETO.





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## WOMAN'S WAYS

## Pennons and Petticoats.

Nothing was more striking in the Women's Procession the other day than the happy, hopeful looks on the faces of the memorable fifty thousand who took part in it. A nation cannot be conquered which has allies like these; but it would be still more interesting to see a procession, 50,000 strong, of young men eager to do their bit. The patriotism of Englishwomen of the educated classes has been at a high pitch for a long time, and it was the women themselves who insisted on being included in the national register. Very soon, let us hope, it will not only be that Sister Susie will be sewing shirts for soldiers—admirable though that homely occupation may be—but that Susie will be making shells. Meantime, the Suffragettes have once more shown their admirable powers of organisation.

## A Mushroom Crop in France.

Nothing is more amazing in this amazing war than the way hospitals spring up out of cornfields "over there" literally in a night. An Army doctor tells me how he arrived at "a wonderful place, with downs, just like the Sussex Downs" looking down on cornfields, then a railway line, then sand-dunes followed by a great stretch of sand, and finally, the sea. But "on to the cornfield area there descended a British hospital. They pitched their tents in the cornfield and slept in discomfort. They were followed by another hospital, then by us, and then by a Canadian ('some' hospital), and finally by a company of Sappers, and so the face of this country is altered. There is now a sea of canvas intercepted by chalky white roads. The roads increase and multiply, and behold, the yreceive names and become smooth and asphalted. The Y.M.C.A. descends, and a concert-hall is erected. Now we have concerts. An artesian well is sunk. The nurses come and spread their tents, and are followed by the appearance of the wild-flowers on the mess-table. . . . It is now a town, soon it will have 5000 inhabitants. The railway runs day and night, for it connects from the front to the coast." The same informant tells me how Tommy repeats the same word over and over again to the French washerwomen—hoping that repetition will make it intelligible. The women "laugh all the time"—and that is the best news of all.

## Our Tragic Playground.

That northern coast of France, to which we English usually crowd in our thousands at this time of year, so that from Boulogne to Roscoff, British golf-balls are always hurtling, and the English language is more in evidence than the French—this coast, for generations, will be more than ever dear to us. It will seem part of our life, of all our proudest and most poignant memories. Neither will the French, let us hope, forget. Up to now, though hotel-keepers were frankly in favour of their English clients, who spent more and were less fault-finding than visitors of their own and other nationalities, it cannot be said that the French people themselves opened their arms—a gesture, by-the-bye, to which they are not racially addicted—to Britons in the mass. Hotels were usually divided, like a "tug of war" game, into "French and English." The two rarely mixed, though here and there you might have found a cosmopolitan Parisian or two who really enjoyed, and sought out, the society of *les Angliches*. The grave, serious, slightly cynical young Frenchman—a youth who never laughs, and seems to have no superfluous high spirits—did not mix well with our happy, noisy boys, who play all day and "rag" to pass away the seaside evenings. In future, young Jean and young Jack will have much in common.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## Military Settlements.

In his introduction to "The Germans and Africa," Earl Grey notes: "It shows the great difference between British and German methods of colonisation. While Great Britain has acquired colonies either in order to protect ill-treated natives, and to substitute peace, law, order, and prosperity for tyranny, bloodshed, famine, and war, or for legitimate purposes of trade, Germany has in her colonisation been actuated by military considerations. Her colonial policy has been directed not by her business men, but by her soldiers. She has created military settlements here and there, and has endeavoured to acquire strategical points which might serve as bases for future conquest." So it was, for example, with German South-West Africa, the enemy's first colonial possession, now in British hands, thanks to the military genius of General Botha.

## South-West Africa and—Heligoland.

But for vacillation in high places years ago, things would have been different—British protection was asked for the district in the 'seventies. The authorities declined to take any immediate steps for acquiring the whole country. "They merely—and fortunately—annexed Walfish Bay, with a strip of territory extending forty miles along the coast and twenty miles inland, and thus secured the finest harbour in this part of the African coast." In due time Germany seized the chance. Lüderitz gave her the final opportunity, in 1883, when his agent raised his country's flag in front of the storehouse at Angra Pequena, an open bay about 150 miles north of the Orange River, and it came, as was officially stated a year later, "under the protection of the German Empire." It was this ground certain "clever persons" advised Bismarck to cede in exchange for Heligoland. The idea was even mooted to Lord Granville: "... Count Münster said it was as good as impossible that Germany and England should ever be at war, but the cession of Heligoland would strengthen the good feeling of Germany towards this country to an extraordinary degree. I said I supposed the cession of Gibraltar would strengthen our good relations with Spain, but the Count denied that there was any similarity between the two cases."

## Germany's Failure; and "Success."

German administration in South-West Africa was not a success: "Perhaps the most conclusive evidence of the failure of Germany to administer her colonies for the benefit of their native population, and the most striking commentary on German methods of warfare are furnished by the facts that, prior to the year 1898, the native population of German

South-West Africa was estimated by Colonel Leutwein to be about 300,000, whereas in 1912 it was stated to be a little over 100,000." German officials cannot free themselves from the methods of the Prussian bureaucracy; in South-West Africa, a Professor explained, "we solved the native problem by smashing tribal life and by creating a scarcity of labour." The German war against the rebellious Hereros was, literally, a fight of extermination. But it satisfied the Germans, for it gave them excuse to retain a garrison of some eight thousand or more, well equipped and with considerable war stores at command. "It is evident," wrote Mr. O'Connor, "that the territory has not been regarded by the Berliners as a colony, but as a jumping-off ground for an invasion of British South Africa." Mr. Evans Lewin's authoritative and fascinating book covers all German interests in Africa—present and past.

\* "The Germans and Africa: Their Aims on the Dark Continent, and How they Acquired their African Colonies." By Evans Lewin. (Cassell; 10s. 6d. net.)



WIFE AND HEIR OF THE MINISTER OF FINANCE IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN PARLIAMENT: LADY GRAAF; WITH HER SON.

Lady Graaf is the wife of the Hon. Sir David Pieter de Villiers Graaf, formerly a Colonel in the Cape Garrison Artillery, Mayor of Cape Town, 1891-2, holder of a number of important posts in the Union of South Africa, High Commissioner for South Africa in London, 1914, and now Minister of Finance in the South African Parliament. Lady Graaf, who was married to Sir David in 1913, is the daughter of the Rev. J. P. Van Heerden, of Cape Town. Her little son, De Villiers Graaf, is heir to the baronetcy conferred upon Sir David in 1911.—[Photograph by Speaight.]



## The Care of the Sick.

**I**LLNESS demands much care in the feeding of the patient. Again in Convalescence, or when the Digestion becomes impaired through Worry, Overstrain, or as the result of any other cause, the question of suitable food is of the utmost importance, if health is to be regained. Aged persons also need to pay special attention to their dietary, particularly to the last meal at night; this should be such as to ensure quiet and refreshing sleep and digestive rest. The food selected for use in all these cases must be palatable, easy of digestion, wholly nourishing and speedily restorative.

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£8 15s.; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining table, £4 10s.; Queen  
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sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, £6 15s.; mahogany inlaid  
overmantel, 30s.; extending dining table of Sheraton design, £3 17s. 6d.;  
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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## A Russian Grand Duke.

Not Nicholas the unconquerable, but Michael Alexandrovitch, the only brother of the Tsar, who is fighting his way back to favour. Like many Russian Grand Dukes, he married out of royal rank. That has proved a wise and fortunate policy more than once. Here the alliance was somewhat unpleasing to the Russian Imperial family, and the Grand Duke was not in favour. He brought his morganatic wife to England, and by so doing complicated matters a little during our last season of peace, as it was decided that he should be received by his British royal relatives as a private personage. Now, being a good soldier, he has gone to fight, and has left his wife at Paddockhurst, Worth, Sussex, one of the residences of Lord Cowdray in which British soldiers are in training. The house is spacious and beautiful, and the gardens rarely lovely. The Grand Duke has rented it for a time.

## Keeping the Blood Cool.

We often speak of things that make our blood boil (happily, the reality does not happen), and what we most of all desire for comfort and health is to keep it cool and pure. There are many preparations of magnesia intended to attain this object. One which really does so is one of the oldest and most stable preparations, as it is entirely nice to use. Dinneford's Magnesia was a household word when the oldest among us were young; it is a household word now. Nothing could more plainly attest its excellence.

Children like it, but it is not only for children, but for adults: there is no better preventive or cure for dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, and general debility than Dinneford's Magnesia; and at present, when everyone is specially anxious to keep well and fit, there is nothing like it, and no one should be without it. It is not costly, and can be had from all stores and chemists—only it must be really Dinneford's.

## A Skin of Beauty

Is a joy indeed—who would not give a lot to attain it? Yet, dear ladies, a lot is quite unnecessary. Nature has given to most British women an excellent foundation; we are often only too careless of it. An investment repeated now and again in Beetham's Larola, and its application after undue strain on the complexion—such as being out in the sun and wind, motoring, walking or merely lounging, taking strenuous

Beetham and Sons, Cheltenham, have for many, many years been famous for these fine productions, which have the added merit of being inexpensive.

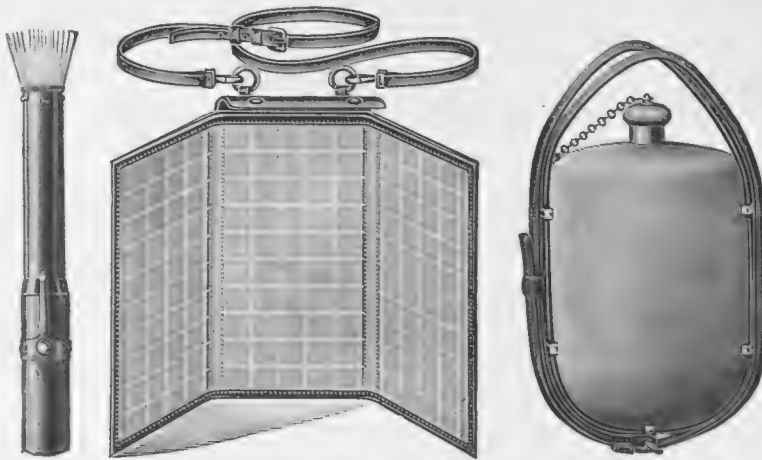
## What Our Fighting Men Want.

Practical presents are the only kind that appeal to our soldiers; theirs is a life of practice, now; theory is out of fashion with them. John Pound and Co. recognised this early in the war, and have devoted time, thought, and money to producing just what is wanted. This is why the posts from the front to John Pound's establishments, 81-84, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; 268-270, Oxford Street, W.; 187, Regent Street, W.; 67, Piccadilly, W.; 177-178, Tottenham Court Road, W.; and 243, Brompton Road, S.W., are so heavy. Soldier-men know where to get what they want and what will last. A three-fold map-case on leather shoulder-straps, in waterproof khaki, with talc protecting the maps, divided into mileage-squares, with a good, serviceable pocket at the back, is good value for 13s. 6d., and in pig-skin, for 22s. 6d. To officers such cases are a boon. An officer's water-bottle in aluminium, plated inside, and of finest quality throughout, is a

thing much prized by men at the front; the cost is a guinea, and the postage to the Expeditionary Force is 1s. Quite easily carried in the pocket, and most useful is a fountain electric-lamp. It is little larger than, and in shape like, a fountain-pen, the light it gives is excellent, and the shape makes it easy to examine the interior of a car or aeroplane-engine. The price is 3s. 9d., and the spare batteries, 1s. each, while the postage is only 3d. It is strong, convenient, and practical. These are examples of many ingenious conveniences for officers and men to be found at John Pound's several establishments, where it is comforting to know that one purchases only the best.

## This Year and Last.

Goodwood was in full swing this time last year. It will be historical as the last peace fashion function, and over it darkened every hour the shadow of war. On Tuesday the King's non-arrival caused uneasiness; up to Thursday it was still hoped that his Majesty would come. On that memorable Cup Day the young officers disappeared from all the neighbourhood, and house-parties were sadly depleted. Those remaining at Goodwood House looked grave and troubled. On Friday there was hardly a young man to be seen. To go over those who had assembled on the Monday and Tuesday for a week's racing and now are not would be heart-breaking but for the glorious manner of their going.



PRACTICAL PRESENTS FOR SOLDIERS AT JOHN POUND'S: FOUNTAIN ELECTRIC-LAMP; MAP-CASE; WATER-BOTTLE.



AN OLD FASHION REVIVED: THE SHOULDER CAPE.

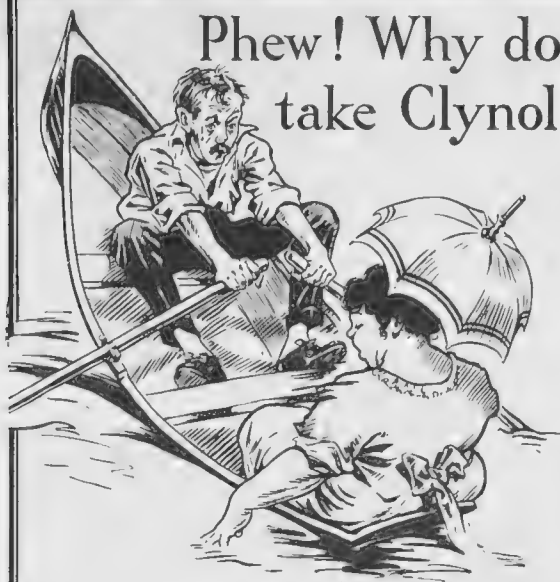
The novelty in this sketch is the little taffeta cape, just covering the shoulders, and loosely tied in front, over a flowered silk frock trimmed with groups of taffeta bands.

exercise of any kind, or sitting with wounded soldiers in their rooms or hospital wards—will take away all skin-strain, freshen it, invigorate it, and render it smooth and velvety; also it will be found delightfully refreshing and cooling. Larola Rose-bloom is another great help in keeping the skin soft, smooth, cool, and fragrant.



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This simple frock is composed of white voile over taffeta. It is ornamented with bands of striped navy and white taffeta, and has a belt of black patent-leather finished in front with a large buckle.



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WILL CURE YOU.

Clymol berries will give you back your youthful appearance. Do not delay—start to-day, for every hour wasted is an hour lost. Excessive fat is a disease, and each hour lost gives that disease a firmer grip over you.

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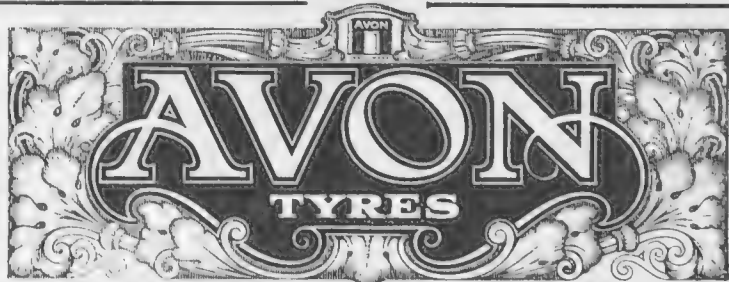
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### A COMMANDEERED INDUSTRY: AMERICANS MAKING HAY: PATRIOTIC PURCHASERS ASKED FOR.

#### Motor-Makers After the War.

It is one thing to hang back from doing one's duty to the State because of ulterior considerations; it is quite another to give one's services to the fullest possible degree, and then take stock of the future, in the hope of preserving something for the days after the war. The British motor industry is well entitled to inquire what is to become of it if the war is indefinitely prolonged, for it is not too much to say that there is no body of men in the whole country whose future is being so much jeopardised as that of our automobile manufacturers. Our leading motor factories began to make shells and aero engines long before any other industry was called upon to step outside its ordinary routine, and War Office and Admiralty alike made heavy claims upon factories which otherwise would have been building high-class British cars. Then came the cry for "More shells," but before calling upon other engineering works, the motor factories were simply taken over, lock, stock, and barrel, by the Government, and are now quite unable to supply the public with cars. Other examples of wholesale commandeering may have been forthcoming since, but certainly none have been publicly announced, and in the absence of direct evidence one may take leave to doubt whether any trade has been so completely shut down as that of the British motor industry—save, of course, in so far as it is producing vehicles of military type. It would be highly interesting, in fact, to know to what extent the great engineering firms have been diverted from their ordinary work, and what parallel could be adduced to the annexation of the motor industry in such apparently exclusive fashion.

#### The American Invasion.

Some of the motor firms, indeed, accepted contracts for war material on terms that have proved unremunerative. But even were this otherwise, and it were shown that for the present the industry is in a satisfactory financial condition, the fact would remain that the future is far from being roseate. And why? The question at issue is not that of the possible depression that may follow the war, as the result of gigantic national expenditure; in this respect the motor industry must, of course, take its chance, like any other which may suffer from a diminution in the spending power of the public. What is seriously affecting the future of the British motor-manufacturer is the wholesale footing that is being obtained, while the war is going on, by American makers of cars. These, it may be said at once, are literally "selling like hot cakes." Cars are a necessity for business and private purposes, and as the

native supply has been cut off, and also, to a very large extent, the influx from the Continent, it follows that American vehicles are rolling up in thousands and finding ready purchasers. Now, if matters resumed their normal condition after the war, there might be nothing to complain of, but it is obvious that a lost goodwill and trade cannot be recaptured in a moment. All over the United Kingdom the erstwhile agents for British cars have given up their old-time connections and devoted themselves to the sale of American products. The whole trade has been revolutionised, and it is difficult to see how a general reversion to the former state of things can be secured when peace is declared.

#### A Call to Patriotism.

The duty of the British motorist is plain. If he can make do with his present car he should hold on to it as long as it will run. Failing that, he should endeavour to secure a second-hand vehicle of British make. If this course also proves impracticable, and of necessity he has to buy an American car, he should regard it as a stop-gap only, and meanwhile place an order with a British firm for delivery after the war, or earlier if the opportunity arises. I say earlier, because the Government, on its part, now that it is organising the supply of munitions on a grand scale, should be able ere long to relax its all-embracing hold upon the motor industry, and allow makers to devote some portion of their works to the production of cars. Great as is the required output of shells, it is utterly ridiculous to suppose that the entire engineering resources of the country are not equal to providing what is wanted a hundredfold, if all industries are commandeered in the same way that the motor industry has been. Patriotism on the part of the buying public, and discrimination on the part of the powers that be, are all that is required to ensure the continuity of a great industry; but without these its future is such as no man can guarantee. The managing-director of one large British firm tells me that he has had to refuse

hundreds of orders for cars since the war began; while another told me months ago that every effort which he made to look to the future was abruptly stopped by Admiralty or War Office officials, and that he had not the slightest notion what would become of him when the war was over. And by the word "him" he did not merely refer to his own

personal interests, but to those of an army of several thousand workmen. But this case is only one of many, for the motor industry has been almost completely "collared," and when the war is over, and the demand for war material is at an end, a whole army of skilled workmen may be summarily thrown upon the streets.



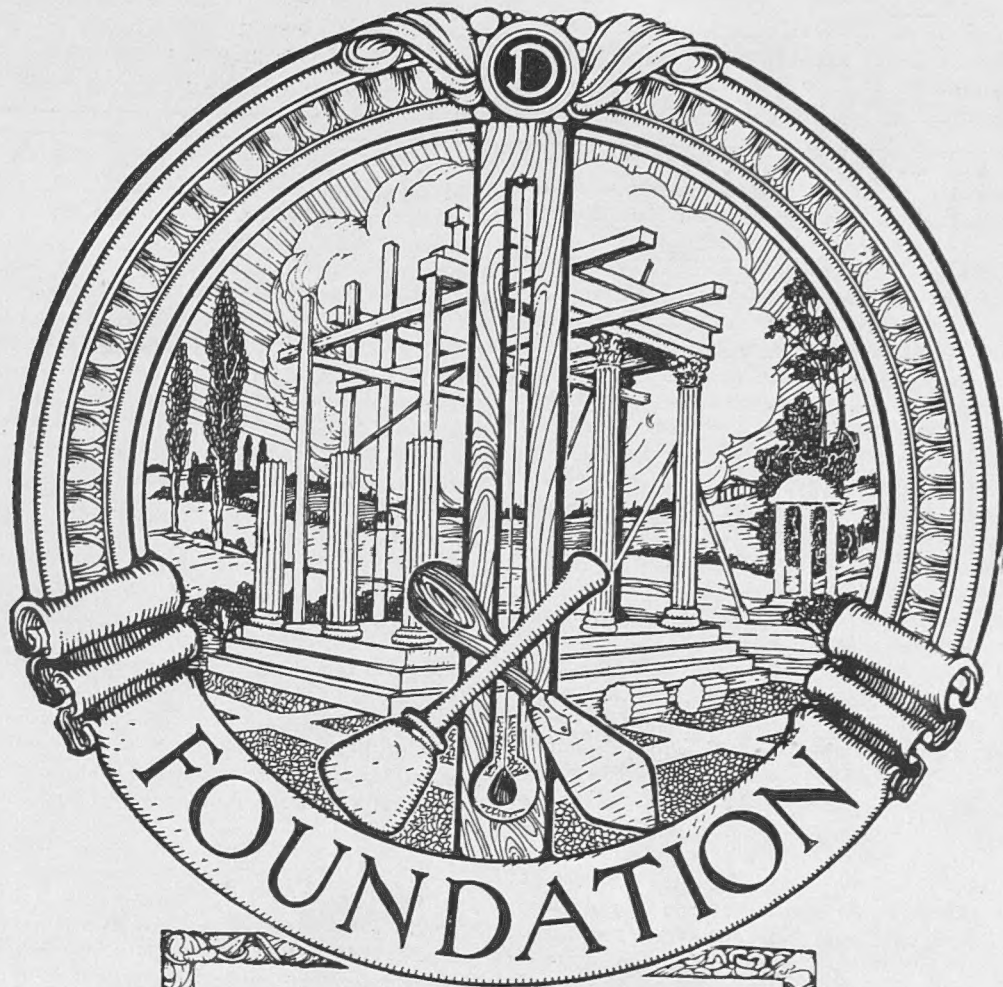
WITH THREE V.C.s ABOARD: A WELL-FILLED NAPIER LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

This very interesting photograph was taken on the occasion of a recent investiture by the King. Among those in—or on—the car are: Sergeant Ripley, V.C., Sergeant-Major Barter, V.C., and Corporal Rendle, V.C.—[Photograph by Topical.]



AN ENEMY FLEET: THE CARS OF ONE OF THE GERMAN COMMANDERS AND HIS STAFF IN GALICIA.

Each Army Corps has the same provision of cars.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



"I declare this stone to be well and truly laid."

How often can this be said of the foundation of a firm? Insight, judgment, enthusiasm, ability, confidence, determination, energy, and breadth of mind presided at the foundation of the Dunlop business 27 years ago, when the pneumatic tyre was a freak to most but a fortune to the few.

These qualities are still the driving force behind the Company, which has reared a magnificent edifice on the foundations so solidly laid, and their influence is markedly exemplified in the Dunlop tyre of to-day.

Dunlop casing, the foundation of the tyre, is the most durable and resilient on the market. Dunlop rubber, the foundation of the tread, is the finest procurable. Dunlop capacity for taking pains, which is the foundation of perfection, is, in the words of a competent observer, greater than that of any other company.

Trusty tyres are the foundation of safe and enjoyable motoring.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LD.,  
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre  
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IN "All Scotch" the inhabitants of North Britain have a kind of revenge. By-the-bye, I never know whether to call them "Scots" or "Scotch," and it is very important not to make mistakes on the topic, since thereby might come breaches of friendship and losses of legacies. For the Scotch, or Scots, may triumphantly point out that Mr. Harry Grattan, an Irishman, author of the piece, jokes with great difficulty, and also monotony. How many jokes we had about the North Briton's carefulness in money matters! How many about his weakness for whisky; and how few about anything else, except the contempt of Edinburgh for Glasgow, and of Glasgow for Edinburgh! And, apparently, after a time the fund of humour faded away, so we wound up with a kind of smoking concert, during which I was not allowed to smoke, called "A Nicht wi' Burns." The affair started very well, with a really comic little scene concerning some trustees who came to pay a small sum into a bank; then we drifted into a burlesque of "Raffles," which introduced us to Miss Jean Aylwin, who, I believe, comes from Bonnie Scotland, as well as from the Gaiety Theatre and "Who's the Lady?" Upon her and Mr. M. R. Morand rest the chief burdens of the evening. He is really amusing, using a broad Doric accent very effectively—a bit rude to call it Doric, but no matter. Miss Aylwin certainly pleased the audience. Of course, there are lots of other things in the piece, including a comic golfing affair, which reminded me somewhat of Mr. Harry Tate, and also of that curious, unfortunate venture of Sir James Barrie and Sir Conan Doyle, called "Jane Annie," and produced at a time when the humours of "goff" were "Doric" to most Londoners. There was quite a large quantity of serious singing, and the audience revelled in music from over the Border, arranged by Mr. Edward Jones: the greater part of it in the hands, or rather, the mouths of Miss Marie Blanche, Miss Effie Mann, and Mr. Gordon Sherry, whose singing was heartily encored. Perhaps the critical would prefer a simpler kind of singing, with less effort at vocal effects; but, of course, the critical form a mere contemptible minority. And you can see lots of ladies with bare legs, and maidens in kilts, and hear the bag-pipes; and, on the whole, the management of the Apollo Theatre may be congratulated upon its success in bringing the scent of the haggis across the footlights.

On Monday evening, London had an opportunity of seeing nine French plays—not all at one theatre, of course. What splendid

evidence of the "Ongtongte Cordial," if I may reproduce a term mentioned to me by a brother-critic. I did not see the whole nine that evening, lacking the gifts of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, which probably did not understand French, anyhow. The Independent War-Players, at the Kingsway, confined themselves to farces by Georges Courteline and Tristan Bernard—farces which, in technique, belong to the Victorian era, but were very funny notwithstanding. Indeed, after making an heroic effort, and accepting the old style as a new convention, I was delighted. The pick of the bunch was "La Paix Chez Soi," with a droll battle between a hack-novelist and his domineering wife, in which, of course, he lost, as men always do, unless they are brutal; and yet for a time he triumphed by his system of deducting from the household money a fine for every piece of rudeness on her part, and when she threatened to retort by giving him bad food he suggested that he would feed at a restaurant. A very clever performance by Mlle. Valentine Tessier and M. Jules Delacre, who acted ably in the other pieces, in which Mlle. Andrée Rolden and MM. Fernand Mailly and Robin played quite skilfully. Altogether an excellent entertainment at the Kingsway. Apparently the Grand Guignol has enjoyed a good season at the Coronet, for it has now made its way to the Garrick Theatre, where it presents its curious programmes, consisting of the horrible and the gay, including one of the best of the new war pieces, in the shape of a shocker in two acts called "La Veillée," by Yoris Walter and P. de Wattyne, a very vivid picture of the "frightfulness" which causes us to look upon the Germans not as an enemy to be beaten, but a filthy disease to be stamped out at any cost. Quite a terrible piece, only disappointing because one felt that the brutal German Captain ought to have met a more horrible fate than that of being bayoneted by a British soldier. Very able performances by Messieurs Guérard, Chaumont, Gouget, and Villers. We were glad to have amusing short pieces as antidote to such a feast of horrors.

On Thursday, the 29th, a show of Pekingese will be held at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, under the auspices of the Pekin Palace Dog Association, whose Chairman is Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox. The judge will be Lady Sutton, Vice-Chairman of the Association. The whole of the profits of the show will be devoted to Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox's fund for clothing and comforts at No. 13 Stationary Hospital, British Expeditionary Force.

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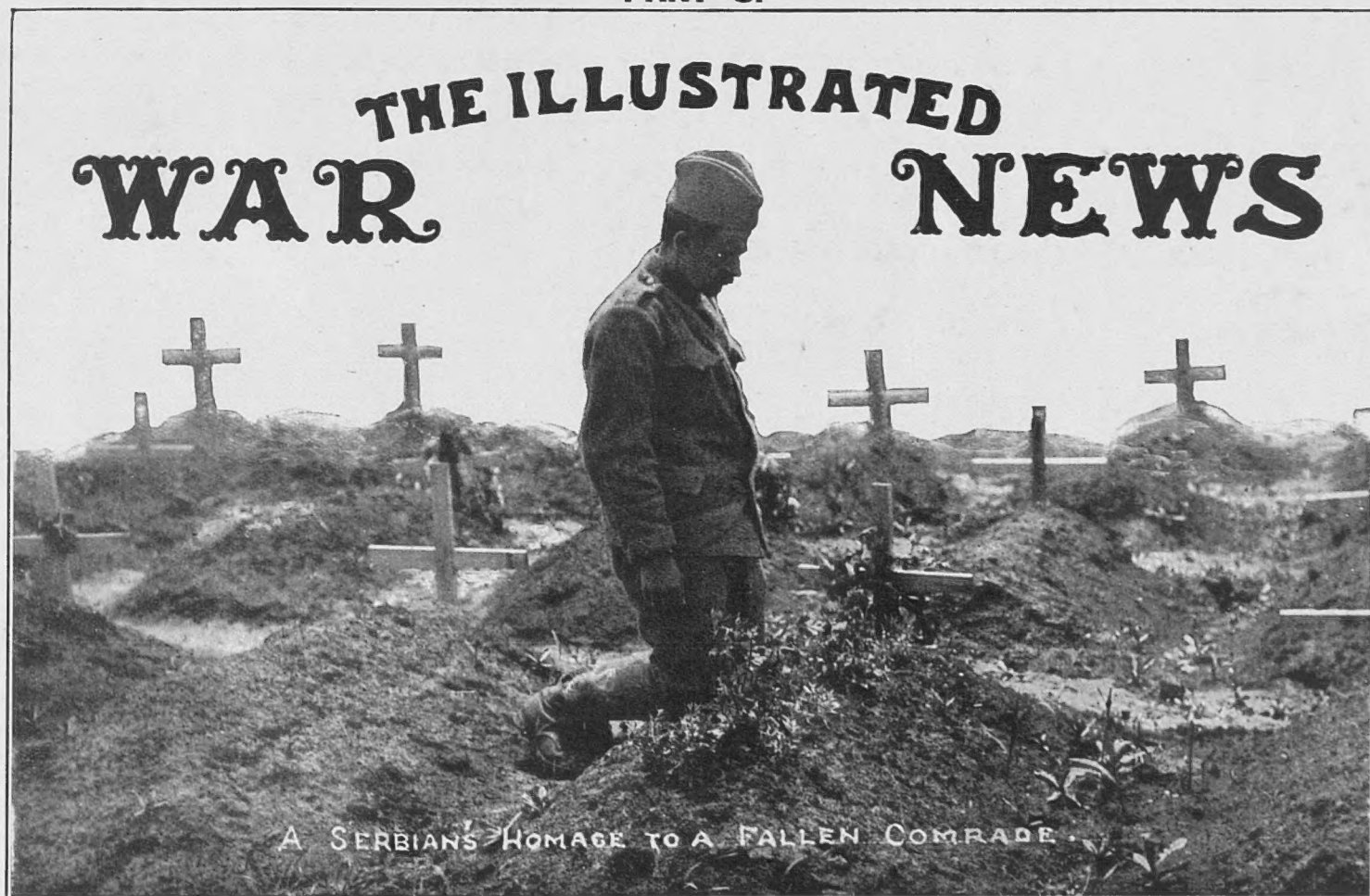
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